

James A. Eldredge

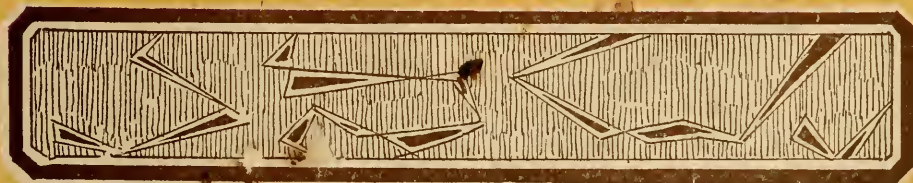


IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XVII

DECEMBER, 1913

No. 2



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



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In Lighter Mood

Grandmother didn't know nothin' 'bout th' benzoate o' sody. She *hid* her jelly t' make it keep.—*Abe Martin*.

"Well, the Lord don't deliver nobody, without they wriggle for themselves pretty consider'ble well fust."—*Rose Terry Cooke*.

A feller don't have over two er three real friends in a lifetime. Once in a while you meet some one that's nice an' clever, but he generally turns out t' be an agent fer somethin',—*Abe Martin in American Magazine*.

A small boy was hoeing corn in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy driving a handsome horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said, "Bub, what do you get for hoeing that corn?"

After a moment's hesitation, the lad replied, "Nothin' if I do, and hell ef I don't."

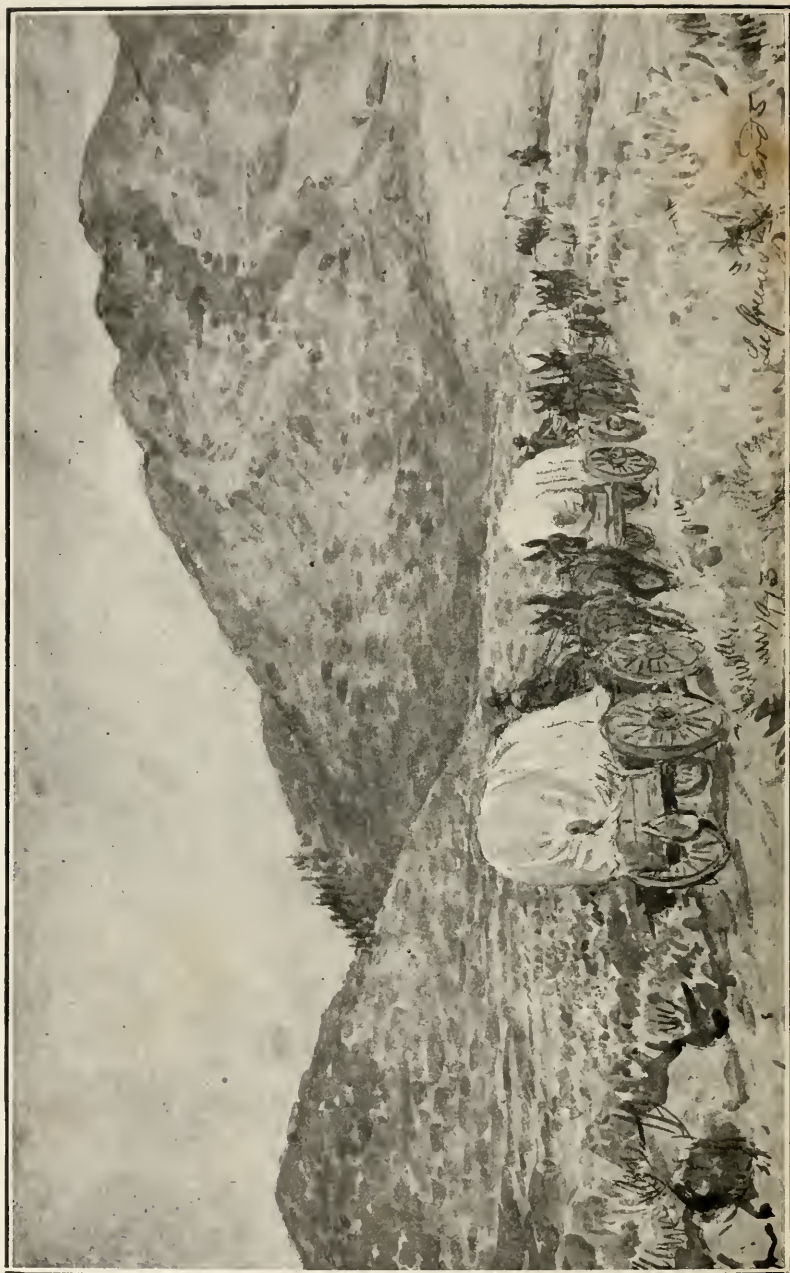
Dr. Fred J. Pack, of the University of Utah, accompanied a "bunch" of eighty-five M. I. A. Scouts to Ensign Peak a few days ago. He gave them talks on geological formations and the ancient lake levels. One of the boys found a horny toad which became the object of considerable interest. Someone asked the professor to tell something about the toad. The professor began: "Now this is not a horny toad, that is a misnomer. Now what is it, then?" One of the boys immediately answered: "It's a misnomer." The professor's further statement that the creature belongs to the lizzard family was lost in laughter.

This will be appreciated by all who have passed by rail from Nephi to Ephraim:

Capt. Smith is the conductor on a small southern railroad. He is also president, general manager, freight superintendent, and all the other officers. The road has the large equipment of one engine and two cars. A daily round trip is made when the engine behaves. Capt. Smith will stop for anything anywhere along the line. One of his best shippers is Widow Brown, whose daily contribution to his freight business is a dozen eggs. One morning she was sad.

"Captain," she said, when the train stopped, "I've only got 11; but there's a hen on the nest."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Brown," said the captain. "We'll wait." And they did, until the hen cackled.



RELIEF PARTY FOR THE BELATED HANDCART COMPANIES ENTERING EMIGRATION CANYON (See article, p. 108)
From a sketch by Lee Greene Richards

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Agricultural Conditions in Book of Mormon Times

BY FRANK S. HARRIS, PH. D., PROFESSOR OF AGRONOMY, UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

When America was discovered by Columbus, its inhabitants were far from being a highly specialized agricultural people. It is true the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru had a fairly advanced civilization; yet, taking North and South America as a whole, the great majority of the people depended for their food on hunting, fishing, and the bounties of the native vegetation rather than on the products of farms as we know them today. Only the most fertile regions were tilled, and these did not produce any great variety of crops or domestic animals.

That a much higher state of agricultural development had existed in America at some previous time, cannot be doubted by any student of the subject. The aborigines of America gave to the world a number of its most important crops—corn and potatoes being notable examples. The farmers of the world each year produce more than five billion dollars worth of these two crops alone. This amount of money, although inconceivable, shows something of what the world owes to the inhabitants of the Western Continent agriculturally, even though they did not till the soil intensively at the time of the European discoveries.

Those who have made a study of the Book of Mormon lands have been struck by the high state of agriculture that must have existed in earlier times. The remains of irrigation systems that almost baffle modern engineering skill have been found; and in certain places very complex terracings are seen, showing that a great amount of labor was spent in making the land produce as

much as possible. From these remains we cannot tell many of the details of methods. We are simply left to conclude that civilizations have risen and fallen; and with them systems of agriculture of no uncertain merit have gone hand in hand.

Let us turn to the records of these times to see what light they throw on the subject. The Book of Mormon is full of references to agricultural operations. These make clear the fact that the original settlers of the Americas were tillers of the soil. They planted and harvested as well as tended their flocks and herds. Each company, in preparing for the journey to the promised land, gathered and took with it "seeds of every kind, both of grain of every kind, and also the seeds of fruit of every kind" as well as "flocks, both male and female, of every kind." (I Nephi 8:1; Ether 1:41). And in all their movings from place to place and settling new country they were careful to take seeds with them. It may be a following out of this idea that has given the Indian the characteristic that is often attributed to him that he will starve, with seed corn in his house, before he will eat what he has saved to plant.

Whenever the people moved from place to place, either in quest of better lands or because of being harassed by their enemies, they gathered together their flocks and herds and the products of the soil. The record usually mentions this fact, inferring that their agricultural possessions were among the most precious things they had. Usually the first event that is recorded concerning them when they arrived at a place where they expected to make a new home is that they "began to till the earth, and to plant seeds." In describing the regions through which they traveled there was usually some reference to the fertility of the land and its adaptation to agriculture.

At many times during the history of their occupancy of the American Continent a spirit of exceeding democracy seemed to be over the land, so much so that even the rulers practiced agriculture. Thus: "King Mosiah did cause his people that they should till the earth, and he also, himself, did till the earth, that thereby he might not become burdensome to his people, that he might do according to that which his father had done in all things." (Mosiah 6:7). Ammon and his brethren found that even the Lamanite King Lamoni was interested in agricultural pursuits and that he had his lands with his flocks and herds.

The Book of Mormon tells us that in those days they had troubles to contend with the same as we have today. There were insects that devoured their crops; hot winds blighted them before they matured; and droughts and famines were not unknown. In the account of the first settlers of the land, the Book of Ether (Ch. 9:30) tells us that: "There began to be a great dearth upon the land, and the inhabitants began to be destroyed exceeding

fast, because of the dearth, for there was no rain upon the face of the earth." In the descriptions given of the depredations made by robbers, it is usually stated that they stole products of agriculture, showing that these things were common.

This record of the Nephites is full of instances where prosperity followed the serving of the Lord and where the people ceased to get along well when they turned away from him. Indeed, the whole book is a succession of chronicles of alternating prosperity and failure dependent of their attitude toward their Creator. Their religious life was bound up closely with their daily affairs, and it is from some of the religious teachings that we learn most about their agriculture. The illustrations used in giving instructions regarding sacred things were drawn largely from their daily life. Just as in the New Testament we learn much of the agricultural conditions of the Jews from the parables of the Savior, so in this record similar teachings give us a better idea of some of the routine of their lives than can be had from the mere narrative.

There is no definite account of just what kinds of crops they had, except that the following are mentioned: corn, wheat, barley, neas and sheum, as well as all manner of fruits. We do not know just the nature of neas and sheum, but we are familiar with the other crops. We are told that the Jaredites brought honey bees which they called Deseret and that they had "all manner of cattle, of oxen, and cows, and of sheep, and of swine and of goats, and also many other kinds of animals which were useful for the food of man; and they also had horses, and asses, and there were elephants and cureloms, and cumons." (Ether 9:18-19). We are not aware what the last two were, but the record says they were especially useful to man. That they had implements is made clear by the following quotation from Ether 10:25-26: "And they did make all manner of tools to till the earth, both to plough and to sow, to reap and to hoe, and also to thresh. And they did make all manner of tools with which they did work their beasts."

A very great deal could be written along this line, from the information that is given, but sufficient has been said to give a general idea of some of the agricultural practices of the early inhabitants of America.

In studying the Scriptures purely for the religious gems they contain, we sometimes get a distorted idea of the people described. The fact is, they were men and women just as we are today, with similar joys and sorrows, with temptations and trials, and all the other things that contribute to human life. If we can be made to understand as fully as possible the conditions under which they lived, it will enable us to be in closer sympathy with them. Such an attitude will make us better able to understand the

hand dealings of the Father with his children in all the ages that are passed.

AGRICULTURAL REFERENCES IN THE BOOK OF MORMON.—I Nephi 8:1; 16:11; 17:5; 18:6; 18:24-25; II Nephi 5:11; 15:2-10; Jacob 5:3-77; Enos 1:21; Mosiah 6:7; 7:22; 9:9-14; 10:2, 4, 21; 11:15-17; 12:6; 21:16; 22:8, 11; 23:1, 5, 25, 31; 24:18; Alma 1:29; 3:2; 7:27; 17:25-39; 18:9-12; 27:14; 34:20, 24, 25; 62:29; Helaman 3:5-10; 6:12; 11:6, 17; III Nephi 3:22; 4:3, 4, 5, 6; 6:1, 2; Ether 1:41; 2:1, 3; 6:4, 13; 9:17, 18, 19, 31, 35; 10:12, 25, 26.

LOGAN, UTAH

My Testimony of Joseph Smith the Prophet

I believe Joseph Smith to be a true prophet of God for many reasons:

First, I think he could not have been deceived, because so many of his visions came in broad daylight; he was physically and mentally strong, and the work which he accomplished could not have been done by a man who was so mentally feeble as to become deceived.

Second, I can see no motive for his being a wilful deceiver.

Third, the rule that God gave us by which we could judge a true prophet was utterly fulfilled in him.

Fourth, I think God would choose a man with a sweet, lovable disposition such as he had to do His work.—*Eunice Wilkinson*, Student Brigham Young University.

An Irrigation Parable

Two men strove at the bright day-dawn for the use of the trickling stream which meandered slowly down the thirsty ditch. They employed words to show their rights to use this stream, and when that availed not to decide the matter, they came to blows and beat each other on the breast and back.

And the sun arose, and the heat shriveled the young plants, while the shimmer of the noon-day drought was over the face of the plain.

But the men were broken and spent with their strife. Both lay prone upon the sands.

And the sun rode high, then dipped downward on his course and soon was lost to view.

The little stream had found a gopher hole, and down into this rude and useless cup the life-giving waters poured. But the men still lay spent and broken upon the plain, and the moon rose upon their folly.—*Susa Young Gates*.

Why Art Thou Sad?

And thou art sad, Beloved,
And know not why,
Thy heart from past,
The now, and future weaves
Strange dreams o'er which
Thy soul in sickness grieves!
And thou dost waste thine hours
And useless sigh,
And can no pleasure find
Of earth or sky,
In autumn's wan
Or gold and scarlet eves.
The restless carpet
Of the fallen leaves.
That seem to whisper
That all things must die?

Why art those eyes of thine
So filled with tears;
Why thus with sadness
All thy moments bind?
Its gifts anew the time
Of blossom brings,
Though pain, yet joy, doth lie
Within the years —
The hopes of all the past
Thy soul shall find,
Thy heart the tumult
Of a thousand springs!

— Alfred Lambourne



Jim Bridger, "Our First Citizen"

BY PRESTON NIBLEY

I

"His lifetime measures that period of our history during which the West was changed from a trackless wilderness to a settled and civilized country. He was among the first who went to the mountains, and he lived to see all that had made a life like his possible, swept away forever."—*Hiram Chittenden.*

Whenever I hear the name Jim Bridger mentioned, there are two events in that famous trapper's life that pass through my mind. I picture him first as a boy of twenty, clad in his fur clothing, his trapper's garb, tramping through the snow alone in the dead of winter, through Bear River canyon, west of Cache Valley, down past the present sites of Deweyville and Corinne, following the winding river to where it empties into Great Salt Lake. I picture him tasting the water of the lake, and his astonishment at finding it salt; his pausing to reflect on the scene before him; his returning to his companions encamped in Cache Valley and informing them he had discovered "an arm of the sea."

Then again I picture him later in life, when twenty-two more summers have passed over his head. He is a keen and hardy "mountain man" now: "In person tall and spare, straight and agile, eyes gray, hair brown and long, expression mild, and manners agreeable." Continuous travel, summer and winter, over the whole region of "the Great West," wild and thrilling experiences, have made him the foremost American hunter, trapper and guide of his day. "With a buffalo skin and a piece of charcoal he can map out any portion of this immense region and delineate mountains, streams, and circular valleys, called 'holes,' with wonderful accuracy."

It is June 28, 1847. The place is "the point where the California trail crosses the Little Sandy river," (in what is now southwestern Wyoming) and the time is evening. Seated around a campfire are a group of earnest, weather-browned men, among whom, one, our immortal President Young, is questioning a lean, gaunt trapper, Jim Bridger. Listen! The trapper is saying, "I consider it unwise to bring a large colony into the Great Basin until it is demonstrated that grain can be grown. And as for the Salt Lake Valley, I will give a thousand dollars for the first ear of corn that ripens there." President Young laconically replies, "Wait a little, and we will show you."

These are the two events of Jim Bridger's life that particularly interest me. First, that as a mere boy, here in the mountains in the Winter of 1824-25, he discovered, and was the first white man to report, so far as we know, the existence of our Great Salt Lake. And, second, that on that memorable western journey of our Pioneers, in the summer of 1847, Jim Bridger met them, camped with them, conversed with them, and heartily endeavored to discourage them in their settlement here. Bridger knew the country from more than twenty years experience, and he "knocked" it, but he "knocked" it to the wrong people.

To inquire further into the famous old trapper's life, is to read a most interesting history. For many, many years he was here in the "wilderness," before a settler ever came to till the soil, or build a home. Constantly surrounded by danger of wild animals and savage tribes, he trapped along the streams for beaver fur, day in and day out, over a vast region. He knew the head waters of the Missouri and Yellowstone; he had sailed the Columbia to its mouth. The Sacramento River in California and the Rio Grande in Mexico, were familiar to him. It was a wild, fascinating life he led; tremendously interesting to us at this day when the "trackless wilderness" has become a settled country, dotted with prosperous towns and cities and covered with teeming fields.

The few facts I have been able to learn about Bridger's early years have been found after considerable research. He was a southerner by birth, born of a poor tavern-keeper in Richmond, Virginia, March, 1804. His father early caught the western fever and, in 1812, settled at St. Louis. Here the boy grew up, on the very edge of the wild west, where romantic stories of exciting adventure continually rang in his ears. At eighteen he was a blacksmith's apprentice. In the same year a small advertisement in a St. Louis newspaper, put there by William Ashley, calling for "one hundred men to go to the mountains and trap beaver," caught his eye. Bridger answered "the call of the wild." He joined Ashley and disappeared into the desert, and but few times did he return to civilization again, except when, an old and feeble man, he returned to die.

Was it luck or insight attended this young scout in his achievements? It was on his first journey west that, riding his mule, and somewhat ahead of his fellows, Bridger is reported to have discovered the great south pass on the Wyoming plateau, which for years afforded to weary emigrants the road of easiest access across the Rockies. History is meagre as to his first trip, and but few events are recorded. Here in the mountains, Ashley's men had a terrible time of it. They were attacked by Indians. They lost their supplies. The party broke up and scattered in all directions. As before related, Bridger and a few companions

found themselves stranded, encamped in Cache Valley, waiting for the winter of 1824-25 to pass.

Chittenden, the historian, tells the story of the discovery of Salt Lake as follows:

"A party of Ashley's men were encamped for the winter of 1824 and 1825, in Cache Valley, and were trapping on Bear River and its tributaries. Here a controversy arose as to the course of Bear River, after it left the valley. A wager was laid and James Bridger was selected to follow the river and determine the bet. This he did, and soon arrived at its outlet in Great Salt Lake. Tasting the water, he discovered it to be salt, and on reporting to his companions, all assumed it was an arm of the Pacific Ocean."

I have read denials that Bridger was the first white man to look across the waters of our Inland Sea. Stansbury, in his report, (published in 1855) says "that the existence of a large lake of salt water somewhere amid the wilds, west of the Rocky mountains, seems to have been known vaguely as long as one hundred and fifty years since." One Samuel Ruddock claims to have passed through Salt Lake valley in 1821. "That no white man ever saw the Great Salt Lake," says Bancroft, "before Bridger, cannot be proven, but his being the only well authenticated account, history must rest there until it finds a better one."

For Jim Bridger's next adventure that we are able to learn in recorded history, we pass over a number of years. The story is told by no other than the brilliant Washington Irving. It is 1832. Since we last heard of him, Captain Jim has become a hardy, fearless trapper, a leader of his fellows, and, though still a boy, he is known as "the old man of the mountains." Irving relates that he and his fellow trappers, while traveling south, following the streams and trapping beaver near what is now the region of Yellowstone Park, one day saw a body of Blackfoot Indians in the open plain, though near enough some rocks which could be resorted to in case of need. The Indians made pacific overtures which were reciprocated by the whites. A few men advanced from each party. A circle was formed and the pipe of peace was smoked. While this ceremony was being enacted, a young Mexican named Loretto, a free trapper accompanying Bridger's band, who had previously ransomed from the Crows a beautiful Blackfoot girl, and had made her his wife, was present looking on. The girl recognized her brother among the Indians. Instantly leaving her infant with Loretto, she rushed into her brother's arms, and was received with greatest warmth and affection. Bridger now rode forward to where the peace ceremonies were enacting. His rifle lay across his saddle. The Blackfoot chief came forward to meet him. Through some apparent distrust Bridger cocked his piece as if about to fire. The chief seized the barrel and pushed it

downward so that its contents were discharged into the ground. This precipitated a melee. Bridger received two arrow shots in his back, and the chief felled him to the earth with a blow from the gun which he had wrenched from Bridger's hand. The chief then leaped into Bridger's saddle and the whole party made for the cover of the rocks, where a desultory fire was kept up for some time.

I would have you forget Loretto, the girl and the child, and remember the arrowheads Bridger received in his back. One of them remained there for nearly three years, or until the middle of August, 1835. At that time Dr. Marcus Whitman was at the trappers' rendezvous on Green river. Bridger was also there, and Dr. Whitman offered to perform a surgical operation. Chittenden, who relates the story, says:

"The operation was a difficult one because the arrow was hooked at the point by striking a large bone, and a cartilaginous substance had grown around it. The doctor pursued his work with great self possession and perseverance; and his patient manifested equal firmness. The Indians looked on meanwhile with countenances indicating wonder, and in their own peculiar manner expressed great astonishment when it was extracted. The arrowhead was of iron and was about three inches long."

Where was Jim Bridger for the following eight years? Really, I have been at a loss to learn, except that he was a daring and fearless spirit, one of the leaders and "proprietors" of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. This company did a lot of business and shipped hundreds of bales of beaver fur from the mountains to St. Louis, where they were disposed of at enormous profits. But somehow the other man always got the profits and Bridger got the experience, though he was the greatest trapper of them all. At any rate, by 1843, Bridger was a poor man. The fur business was rapidly declining, and another means of maintenance had to be sought. He took advantage of it by establishing a small "Fort" on Black's Fork of the Green River, not far from what is now Evanston, Wyoming. This event may not seem to have any special significance, and yet one historian says, "in the year 1843 James Bridger, whose name will always be prominent in western adventure, built a post on a tributary of Green River, a water of the Pacific ocean, for the convenience of emigrants. It was the first trading post ever built beyond the Mississippi for this purpose, and its establishment marks the beginning of the era of emigration into the Far West."

The year 1847 found Bridger doing business at a squalid fort on Black's Fork. He was wont to take the lean, worn horses of weary travelers, at a low price, feed them to fatness in his fertile

pastures and sell them at a considerable profit to emigrants following. Also he had had a sort of blacksmith's shop fixed up to repair wagons.

In June, 1847, history tells, Bridger set out horseback with two of his men on a business trip to Fort Laramie. They had not gone far when at evening time they decried in the distance a caravan of wagons,—our "Mormon" Pioneers. As they drew near, President Young halted the trapper and invited him to camp with them over night. A careful account has been kept of what went on around the camp-fire that evening, and to us at this date is most interesting. I desire to reproduce a part of it as related in Whitney's *History of Utah*. It is from the pen of William Clayton:

There is no blacksmith shop at his fort. There was one but it was destroyed. From Bridger's fort to the Great Salt Lake, Hastings said, was about one hundred miles. Bridger himself had been through fifty times but could form no correct idea of the distance. There is no timber on the Utah Lake, but some on the streams emptying into it. In the valleys southeast of Utah Lake there is an abundance of blue grass and white clover. Some of his men have been around Salt Lake in canoes. But while they went out hunting, their horses were stolen by the Indians. They then spent three months going around the lake in canoes hunting beavers, the distance being five hundred and fifty miles. The Utah tribe of Indians live around the lake and are a bad people. If they catch a man alone they are sure to rob and abuse him, if they don't kill him, but parties of men are in no danger. The Indians are mostly armed with guns.

There was a man who had opened a farm in Bear River Valley, where the soil is good and likely to produce grain, were it not for the excessive cold nights. He never saw any grapes on the Utah Lake, but there are plenty of cherries and berries of several kinds. He thinks the region around the Utah Lake is the best country in the vicinity of the Salt Lake, and the country is still better the farther south one goes until the desert is reached, which is upwards of two hundred miles. There is plenty of timber on all the streams and mountains and an abundance of fish in the streams. He passed through the country a year ago last summer in the month of July, there is generally one or two showers of rain every day, sometimes very heavy thunder showers but not accompanied by strong winds. He said we would find plenty of water from here to Bridger's fort, except after crossing the Green River, when we have to travel about twenty miles without water. But there is plenty of grass. We need not fear the Utah Indians for we could drive the whole of them in twenty-four hours. Mr. Bridger's theory was not to kill them, but make slaves of them. The Indians south of Utah Lake raise as good corn, wheat and pumpkins as were ever raised in old Kentucky.

Then comes the oft repeated tale. The old trapper advised our Pioneers not to go to Salt Lake Valley. It was a barren, desert place and would not raise corn. Had they heeded him, might not the history of the West have been changed?

"Too Much to Do"

BY WM. HALLS

I want to express to you my appreciation of the ERA. I am always glad to read it. I consider all the articles good, yet some interest me more than others. I was very much impressed by Dr. Gowan's address to the students of the University of Utah. I can see that as time rolls on, and conditions change, it will require intelligence and a strong will to see and choose the good and reject the evil.

Last summer I traveled about six hundred miles from Mancos in a northwesterly direction, visiting parts of Utah, Colorado and Idaho and talked with many men and women, and nearly every man and woman complained of "too much to do." With all our mechanical devices and labor-saving inventions we are over-worked. Since I have been unable to work hard and travel but very little I have had more time to read and study. I have tried to get a clearer conception of values, and I have concluded that there is something wrong with the person who has "too much to do." He who has no time to pray, nor to study the scripture, no time for spiritual development,—such a person is not in a normal condition. I believe in change, in progression, but with it, I want wisdom, intelligence to be able to separate the wheat from the tares. There is no need to be in a hurry, advance steadily, be moderate in all things. Never look backward and sigh for the "good old times;" they will never return. We can't see the old times as they really were. "Distance lends enchantment to the scene." We don't want to travel over the rough roads our fathers traveled. Let us accept the light, the truth, the freedom transmitted to us, but seek inspiration to detect the darkness, the error, and the bondage. Let us "come out of Babylon." If we would profit by the advantages that we enjoy, and exercise a little common-sense, what a good time we might have. I believe in some things as fundamental on which our happiness depends. Faith in God as our Father, in Jesus Christ as our Redeemer, in the efficacy of prayer, and in an ever-acting Providence. The man having this in good working order, is rich: all things essential are within his reach.

MANCOS, COLORADO



IOWA CITY
From an old, rare photograph

Belated Emigrants of 1856

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL

II

After traveling thirteen hundred miles in a little less than thirty-nine days, Franklin D. Richards' party reached Salt Lake City, October 4, 1856, having been absent from home about three years. Before they had fairly time to wash the dust from their sunburnt faces, they reported to President Brigham Young the precarious condition in which they found the Willie company when they passed them on the plains, three weeks before, on their journey from Iowa City to the Great Salt Lake Valley.

As soon as these facts leaked out, the news spread like wildfire, and when the Monday conference convened, President Young said:

"There are a number of our people on the plains who have started to come to Zion with handcarts, and they need help. We want twenty teams by tomorrow morning to go to their relief. It will be necessary to send two experienced men with each wagon. I will furnish three teams loaded with provisions, and send good men with them, and Brother Heber C. Kimball will do the same. If there are any brethren present who have suitable outfits for such a journey they will please make it known at once, so we will know what to depend upon."

President Young then adjourned conference until 10 o'clock the next morning, so as to give all a chance to help get things ready.

Such a spirit of brotherly love as was shown forth by the Latter-day Saints on that occasion was perhaps never before wit-

nessed in a religious community. It seemed that every man, woman and child within the limits of Salt Lake was alive to the situation. While the men were going in every direction gathering up supplies, the women were making quilts, mending underwear, knitting mittens, darning socks, patching trousers, and even taking clothes from their own backs to send to the shivering pilgrims hundreds of miles out on the plains.

The evening before the start was made, the twenty-seven young men who composed the relief party were called together by the authorities of the Church and given their final instructions, after which all of them received blessings that fairly made



OLD FORT BRIDGER AS IT LOOKED IN PIONEER DAYS

From a sketch by George M. Ottinger

them quake. After an affectionate parting, the boys returned to their homes for a good night's rest.

About 9 o'clock next morning, sixteen first-class four-mule teams were seen wending their way towards Emigration Canyon, headed for the east. They were under the supervision of such men as George D. Grant, William H. Kimball, Joseph A. Young, Cyrus H. Wheelock, James Fergusson and Chauncey G. Webb. With them were such noted scouts as Robert T. Burton, Charles F. Decker, Benjamin Hampton, Heber P. Kimball, Harvey H. Cluff, Thomas Alexander, Reddick N. Allred, Ira Nebeker, Thomas Ricks, Edward Peck, William Broomhead, Abel Garr, C. Allen Huntington, George W. Grant, David P. Kimball, Stephen Taylor, Joel Parish, Charles Grey, Amos Fairbanks, Daniel W. Jones and Thomas Bankhead.



THE RELIEF PARTY CROSSED GREEN RIVER AT THIS POINT, IN 1856

From a sketch by George M. Ottinger



ASCENDING SOUTH PASS, GOING EAST

From a sketch by George M. Ottinger

The first night out they camped at the foot of Big Mountain, and by unanimous vote George D. Grant was elected captain of the company, and William H. Kimball and Robert T. Burton his assistants, Cyrus H. Wheelock, chaplain, and Charles F. Decker, guide.

At daylight next morning they continued on their way, driving as far as possible each day, not even stopping for the noon hour. Stormy weather soon set in, making the roads well-nigh impassable. Fort Bridger was reached on the 12th, but not a word from the emigrants had reached that place. Three days later they arrived at Green River, and still no word from them.

By this time the boys became somewhat alarmed, as they were expecting to meet the Willie company in the neighborhood of Fort Bridger, and here they were fifty-eight miles beyond. When last heard from, the Martin company was more than one hundred miles in the rear of the Willie company, and the wagon trains still behind them.

After discussing matters from various standpoints, Joseph A. Young and Cyrus H. Wheelock were sent ahead to let the emigrants know that relief was at hand, and to urge them to push on towards the Valley, as rapidly as possible, no matter what the sacrifice might be. There were more than 1,500 pilgrims to be rescued, and sixteen loads of provisions divided among such a number would not last many days.

Before the expressmen were fairly out of sight, their companions were again moving. They were anxious to cross the divide between the Wind River and Green River Mountains before the threatening storms overtook them. They fully realized

what it meant for hundreds of worn-out emigrants to be caught in the early storms of a severe winter, hundreds of miles out in the wilderness, without food and shelter.

After traveling thirty-five or forty miles in a northeasterly direction, winter broke in upon them in all its fury. It snowed for three days and nights almost incessantly, with a cold wind constantly blowing from the north. The roads became so blocked with snow that the boys were compelled to double teams before they were able to reach the summit of the Continental Divide. Reddick N. Allred's team was so run down that he was unable to continue the journey. The snow was so deep at South Pass that the best teams in the outfit could hardly draw their loads on a down-hill pull.

On the evening of the 20th, they turned down to a sheltered



SEEKING FOR HELP

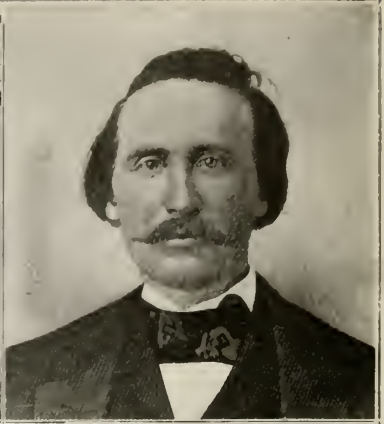
From a sketch by George M. Ottinger

place on the Sweetwater, and camped for the night, for men and animals were completely exhausted. Just as they were located, here came Captain Willie and Joseph B. Elder, on two worn-out mules, with news that their company, east of Rocky Ridge, was in a freezing, starving condition, and would perish unless immediate relief was given.

The boys soon hitched their teams again and continued on their way as long as their animals could stand it. At daylight the next morning another start was made, and they continued going until the Willie camp was reached. Before they had time to alight from their wagons they witnessed sights that were



CONDITION OF THE HANDCART COMPANY WHEN FOUND BY THE RELIEF PARTY
From a painting by L. A. Ramsey (Copyright, 1913)



MEMBERS OF THE RELIEF PARTY

top row: William H. Kimball, James Fergusson; second row: Thomas E. Ricks, Reddick N. Allred; bottom row: Harvey H. Cluff, and Benjamin Hampton.

enough to move the hardest heart. These poor unfortunates, numbering a little less than five hundred, were caught in a place where there was neither wood nor shelter. They had not had anything to eat for forty-eight hours, and were literally freezing and starving to death.

The Salt Lake boys were soon mounted on harnessed mules, with axes in hand, and in a short time dragged from the distant hills several cords of wood to the Willie camp below. Bonfires were soon made, and the cooking began in earnest, every available person taking a hand. This was kept up until every member of the Willie company had enough to eat and to spare. Soon there was an improvement in camp, but the relief came too late for some, and nine deaths occurred that night.

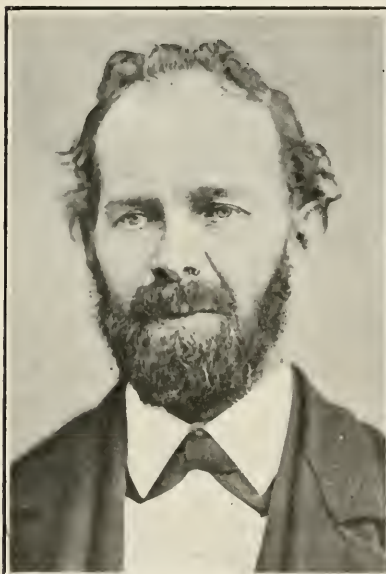
This is what Brother John Chislett, a member of that ill-fated company, had to say about that portion of the journey:

"We traveled on in misery and sorrow, day after day, sometimes going quite a distance, and at other times we were only able to walk a few miles. We were finally overtaken by a snowstorm which the fierce winds blew furiously about our ears, but we dare not stop, as we had sixteen miles to make that day in order to reach wood and water.

"As we were resting at noon, a light wagon from the west drove into camp, and its occupants were Joseph A. Young and Cyrus H. Wheelock. Messengers more welcome than these young men were to us never came from the courts of glory. After encouraging us all they could, they drove on to convey the glad tidings to the members of the Martin company which, it was feared, were even worse off than we. As they went from our midst many a hearty 'God bless you' followed them.

"Just as the sun was sinking behind the distant cliffs west of our camp, several covered wagons were seen coming towards us. The news spread through the camp like wildfire, and all who were able turned out en masse. Shouts of joy rent the air, strong men wept, and children danced with gladness. As the brethren entered our camp the sisters fell upon them and deluged them with their tears and kisses. Our rescuers were so overcome that they could hardly speak, but in choking silence attempted to repress the emotions that evidently mastered them. Soon, however, the reeling was somewhat abated, and such a shaking of hands, such words of comfort, and such invocations of God's blessings were never before witnessed. Among the brethren who came to our rescue were Elders William H. Kimball and George D. Grant. They had remained in the Valley but two days before starting back to our relief. May God ever bless them for their generous, unselfish kindness, and their manly fortitude. How nobly, how faithfully, how bravely they worked to bring us to the Zion of our God."

The next morning, agreeable to plans adopted by the relief party, at a meeting held the evening before, Captain George D. Grant, with seventeen men and nine teams, pushed on to the relief of the Martin, Hodgett and Hunt companies, taking most of the provisions with him, while William H. Kimball, with the remainder of the outfit, started back to Salt Lake in charge of the



MEMBERS OF THE WILLIE COMPANY

Top row: Captain James Y. Willie, Assistant Captain Millen M. Atwood; bottom row:
Joseph B. Elder and Margaret D. Cowan.

Willie company. It was late in the day before Elder Kimball got the handcart people started, as they were in such a weakened condition. About forty of their number had already perished, and others were dying.

While crossing Rocky Ridge, many of the Saints frosted their hands, feet and faces, the weather was so extremely cold. The next morning they pushed on as rapidly as possible, as they were anxious to get the benefit of the newly-broken road, before the drifting snow filled it; but were sadly disappointed, as a fearful blizzard raged throughout the whole day. They were nearly out of provisions again, and had to travel at least twenty miles before they could renew their supplies. This was the most disastrous day of the journey, and fifteen of their number died that day.

On the 24th, after a hard day's climb, they reached South Pass, where flour and plenty of wood, at the Allred camp, were found. The next day they met five Valley teams, but it was deemed advisable to have them go to the relief of the Martin company, which was at least one hundred miles in the rear. These wagons had made a well-beaten track which proved of much benefit to the handcart folks, enabling them to reach Green River by the last of the month. The next day they met seven teams from Fort Supply, and three from Salt Lake. From there on they met teams every day, but most of them went to the relief of the other parties.

When they arrived at Fort Bridger, on the 2nd of November, they were filled with joy to find about fifty teams that had been sent from the settlements, north and south of Salt Lake, to haul them the remainder of the way. Up to this time about one-sixth of their number had died, since leaving Iowa City, on the morning of July 15.

About noon on the 9th of November, William H. Kimball halted his sixty wagon loads of suffering humanity in front of the Old Tithing Office building, where Hotel Utah now stands. The company was greeted by hundreds of Salt Lake citizens who were anxiously awaiting their coming. The scene that followed would be hard to describe. In less than an hour from the time that ill-fated company reached its destination, every man, woman and child that belonged to it, was being tenderly cared for in a manner that brought tears of joy to their bloodshot eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Peculiar Japanese Religion

BY H. G. IVINS, PRESIDENT OF THE JAPAN MISSION

Missionaries who come to Japan fall into a world of new thought, and new religion, a world full of interest, and rich with opportunity for the student. The idea that truth is precious above all else with which we have been impressed, leads us to investigate this great realm of mystery, as far as we are able, limited as is our knowledge of the Eastern languages. Thanks to men who have given their lives to the spread of Christianity in the Orient and who have delved into the store house of Eastern thought, we are able to learn something of the beliefs of this great mass of humanity whom we are pleased to term heathens.

We are indebted for much of our information concerning the religions of Japan to the late Rev. Arthur Lloyd, who came to this country in 1885 and worked continually on his study of the religions of the Empire until his death, in October of last year (1912). He has put the results of his tireless research into several most scholarly volumes which are of great value to Christian missionaries in this country.

As Mr. Lloyd's studies unfolded to him the depths of Buddhist (Japanese) he was impressed with what he considered a marked likeness, in the teachings of the Shinshu sect, to the writings of St. Paul, and with one point which differed radically from the belief of other Buddhist sects. This apparent closeness to Christian teachings led Mr. Lloyd to double his exertions in an effort to gather some evidence to indicate a real connection between Christianity and the origin of this Shinshu sect. Though he was unable, in his long search among the temples of Japan, to discover the copy of the writings of St. Paul, which he fondly hoped he might uncover, he did gather much information which greatly strengthened his belief that the Shinshu creed was founded on Christianity rather than on Buddhism as taught by the great Shakyamuni.

This peculiarity of Shinshu, which Mr. Lloyd has explained in his effort to show that Christianity influenced, if it did not furnish the foundation for, the whole creed, is worthy the attention of any student of religion, especially to one who holds the views taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

To make plain to our Western readers the foundation of the contention that the teachings of Jesus made themselves felt in Japan hundreds of years ago, it will be necessary to state, at least

one of the fundamental doctrines of Buddhism, and then show how diametrically opposed is this thought which pervades the Shinshu teachings.

The doctrine of which I speak has been thus translated, "By oneself evil is done; by oneself one suffers. By oneself evil is left undone; by oneself one is purified. Purity and impurity belong to oneself; no one can purify another." This is one way of expressing the idea that fills Buddhism, that man must not look to anyone or anything outside of himself for help in his effort to conquer self and obtain the Buddhahood. There is in the great Indian religion no idea of a God who helps man, in his struggle to obtain perfection, no Father to forgive when his children err, no Savior, faith on whose name will bring salvation. Man must make the fight alone, depending upon his strength only for his entrance into Nirvana and Buddhahood. The idea of vicarious sacrifice, and of salvation by faith in a Redeemer, seems to be entirely absent.

Knowing such to be the unvarying creed of Buddha (as far as we have learned it), we do not expect to find, even in Japan where that creed has been so corrupted, any idea of a Redeemer, as we understand the term. But study reveals to us that here, where we least expected it, is a sect "the youngest and by far the most popular of them all" which "carries out to its logical conclusions the principle of salvation by faith in the vow of Amida, the One Buddha." Shinran, the founder of this sect, who is said to have been born 1173 A. D., composed a hymn which contains a summary of the teachings of Shinshu. We find in this poem such statements as, "He [Nagarjuna, about A.D. 120] taught that the way of salvation by one's own efforts is like a toilsome journey by land, that the way of faith in the merits of another is as an easy voyage in a fair ship over smooth waters, that if man put his trust in the fundamental vow of Amida, he will enter at once by Buddha's power into the class of those destined to be born into the Pure Land," and "[Vasubandhu taught] with a view to the salvation of men through the faith in another's merits which Amida bestows upon us." Without inquiring into the nature of the "Vow of Amida" which is the object of saving faith, we recognize in the passages quoted, as in almost every verse of the hymn, a Savior, one who saves if men will believe on his "fundamental vow." Here is a Christian idea, and it seems impossible to account for it as having its source in Indian Buddhism. The question arises as to how it found its way into Japan. It is here, it is Christian, no matter how corrupted in the working out, and there is an opportunity for some one to take up the subject where Mr. Lloyd left it, and trace it to its introduction into this country.

The presence in Japan of this "salvation through faith in

another's merits" gives us a new interest in the religions of this empire. Believing, as we do, that the plan of salvation was known to man from the beginning, we think it not improbable that the teaching of Shinshu in respect to a Savior (and the Shinshuist claims that this teaching originated near 500 B. C.), is of divine origin. We think that, had Mr. Lloyd known of the teachings of Joseph Smith concerning this subject, so that he could have gone beyond St. Paul looking for his Savior, he might, with his untiring work, have solved the problem which occupied so great a part of his life's effort.

TOKYO, JAPAN

This is a picture of Elder O. D. Romney, president of the New Zealand Mission, his wife and three sons. Sister Romney and William, their youngest son, expected to sail from Auckland for home, via Van-



couver, Nov. 21. Elder Romney will return by way of Europe, visiting the Holy Land, taking with him his two eldest sons, O. D., Jr., and Melbourne, both having been born, and filled missions in New Zealand, since Elder Romney first circumnavigated the globe, 22 years ago, returning then from his first mission.



STAKE SUPERINTENDENTS Y. M. M. I. A.

Top row, left to right: David L. Pugh, Kanab; Walter W. Morrison, Sevier; Franklin Whitehouse, Tooele; Center: J. M. Hixson, Summit; third row: Le Roy Dixon, Utah; Hubert C. Burton, North Davis; Hugh B. Folsom, Liberty; bottom: Dr. William M. Cragun, Bear River, all of Utah.

The Last Celebration of the 24th

At the Birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith, by Prest.
Ben E. Rich

BY GEORGE ED. ANDERSON

A number of elders have expected something in the ERA about the celebration at the Joseph Smith Monument, on the 24th of July last. President Ben E. Rich was there at the time with the elders, and his recent death again reminds us of the often-expressed desire of the elders. I send you a number of views which were taken on Pioneer Day, 1913. President Rich took such an interest in the occasion, and did so much to make all happy at that time, that it would appear now to be very appropriate that the ERA should have a report of the principal incidents.

Elder Frank L. Brown, who is in charge of the Joseph Smith Memorial Farm, at Sharon, Vermont, invited the elders and Saints in the New England states to observe Pioneer day at the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph. There was, accordingly, a gathering of the elders and Saints at the home at that time. Soon after sunrise the Stars and Stripes floated on Patriarch Hill, (some distance from the monument) raised by the elders and sisters. President Rich felt unable to make the climb, but asked the brethren and sisters to sing, after they had raised Old Glory,



SINGING "MY COUNTRY" AND "HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP,"
Patriarch Hill, Joseph Smith Memorial Farm, July 24, 1913.

the old familiar hymn of the Latter-day Saints, "High on the Mountain Top," and "The Star-spangled Banner." During this performance he sat on the broad piazza and heard and enjoyed the songs. Elder W. D. Robertson offered prayer, and Elder Joseph Price led in the singing. "High on the Mountain Top," "My County, 'tis of Thee," "The Star-spangled Banner," "O Ye Mountains High," and "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet" were on the program. During the stay on the hill a picture was made of the company. On the way down a patch of wild raspberries were found, just above the north reservoir, the taste of which sharpened our appetite for a delicious breakfast which Sister Edwin Clifford had prepared at the farm home.

At 10 o'clock a meeting was held in the large tent, at which President Rich spoke. He remarked that it was very appropriate that we celebrate the entrance of the Pioneers into the valley of the Great Salt Lake, at this, the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who had predicted that the Latter-day Saints would go to the Rocky Mountains and become a mighty people. He was the



GROUP OF MISSIONARIES ON PATRIARCH HILL.

Looking toward the cottage. White River valley and "Kent's Lodge," just above South Royaltan, outlined in the hazy distance.

mainspring of that movement, and Brigham Young, who stood at the head, knew that God had spoken to the Prophet Joseph. The humblest man and woman who were faithful knew also that these men were guided by inspiration. The gospel has done much for the young people. It is the labor of the Pioneers, and

their abiding faith in the mission of Joseph Smith that have given us the blessings we enjoy, and the privileges of declaring the gospel message which was restored to him from on high. He invited all who were present to speak and to say of what generation they were, for it had been said that "Mormonism" would die with the third or fourth generation. He asked what answer they had to give to that prediction.

Most of those present bore their testimony and stated how the gospel had brought their parents and grandparents together, and the joy and the satisfaction they themselves had in coming to this sacred spot and enjoying the spirit of peace that here prevailed.

Sister Laura Rich told of the experiences of her parents in the handcart company.

President Rich introduced Sister Georgia Snow Thatcher, the daughter of Erastus Snow. Her father, and Orson Pratt, were in the valley of Salt Lake a day or two before the Pioneers, and selected the site for their camp. She expressed herself as happy to be at the birthplace of the Prophet, and in the land where her parents were born.

Elder Frank L. Brown expressed himself as pleased to have so many visit him at this sacred spot, where, he believed, we had all tried to have our spirits attuned to the spirit of the place. His father, as a young man seventeen years of age, was a member of the "Mormon" Battalion. As he spoke of his mother and the trials she had endured as a Pioneer, tears dimmed his eyes, all who heard him were melted, and their hearts were softened lis-



PREST. BEN E. RICH, ELDERS AND SAINTS, EVENING OF JULY 24, 1913

tening to the experiences he related of faithful fathers and mothers who had made it possible for the desert to blossom as the rose.

President Rich said that the elders who were laboring on the Joseph Smith Memorial Farm were doing just as great a work as those who were in the service distributing gospel literature. He wished them to strengthen the hands of Brother and Sister Brown, and invited them to give the place their best efforts. The meeting was dismissed by Kenneth Brown, one of the fifth generation of Latter-day Saints.

At 2 o'clock a bounteous dinner was served by Sister Brown and her sisters Mary and Jessie Tibbs, a gentle rain cooling the atmosphere and making the surroundings and the situation very pleasing indeed.



ELDERS PLAYING BASEBALL ON SLOPE OF MISSIONARY HILL,
Joseph Smith Memorial Farm, July 24, 1913.

In the evening the living room of the Memorial Cottage was crowded with neighbors and friends who had come at the invitation of Brother and Sister Brown to meet President Rich and the elders and Saints and listen to a program of the songs of Zion, readings, instrumental music, etc. Elder Brown welcomed his neighbors and introduced President Rich, who said it was very fitting that around the hearthstone where the Prophet Joseph Smith was born, we should commemorate the entrance of the Pioneers into the valley of the Great Salt Lake, for it was his prophetic vision which had seen the Latter-day Saints driven and plundered, that many should lose their lives, and that they would go to the Rocky Mountains and become a mighty people. The

presence of these elders at this place is a testimony of the fulfillment of that prophecy. "No Vermonter need be ashamed of the Prophet Joseph Smith. No other man born in Vermont is so widely known the world over as this same Prophet of the latter days. His name has been had for good and evil, just as the angel Moroni predicted that it would be. We are here to speak good of him, for we knew he was sent of God, and has revealed the gospel of Jesus Christ in its purity to the world to prepare the nations and the people thereof for the second coming of the Savior. You are invited to look into his life, and you shall find that he was a man of God, and worthy of your respect and confidence."

Elder Joseph Price sang, "Joseph the Seer." Elder N. B. West gave a violin solo. Sister Brown and Ada Stark gave readings, and Sister Mary Tibbs sang an original song. Sister Eliza O. Borgsson also sang a song. Many others, called to take part extemporaneously, responded as they were invited by Brother Brown. President Rich, not feeling well, retired before the program was finished. The exercises in the cottage were closed with prayer, and on the piazza afterwards, all who desired refreshed themselves with watermelons and engaged themselves in interesting conversation.

On the evening of the 24th, the company had a portrait taken on the lawn, sloping south toward the lily pond, with the cottage and the monument in the background. President Rich



PREST. BEN E. RICH, JULY 24, 1913

left for New York on the 25th, not feeling very well. It was his last visit.

Most of the elders and Saints remained until after the 28th, and before returning to their fields of labor, a testimony meeting was held in the Memorial Cottage, on Sunday, the 27th, in which all expressed themselves as having been greatly blessed by their visit and experience at the Prophet's birthplace.

On the 28th, before separating, the visitors gathered around the old well, where they sang "The Old Oaken Bucket." They also visited Sophronia Glen, where Sister Mary Tibbs sang an original song composed for Elders C. E. Monson and William D. Robertson, who had been laboring on the farm and were now transferred to another part of the mission. Prayer was offered by Elder Frank L. Brown, who petitioned the Lord to bless the elders who had labored with him on the farm, as well as all who had been present at this gathering, that they might carry with them the spirit of the place into their various fields of labor, that they might more acceptably work for the glory of God and his cause restored to earth.

Around the automobile as they were gathered to part, they sang the song, "God be with you till we meet again." And thus closed the happy time experienced at the Joseph Smith Memorial Farm, at the celebration of Pioneer day, 1913.

SHARON, VERMONT

Forgiveness

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate,
Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart;
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and, trembling, I forgave!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Voice of the Intangible

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN

Chapter XIX—The Way of the Transgressor

The yellow cottonwood leaves of Castle Gulch fluttered in crooked lines to the sand, and assembled in heaps and ridges against cliff and bank before the autumn wind, as Ben and Juan made camp at Greenwater, enroute to Pagahrit. Juan rode his double-action pintos, and sang his everlasting "*Chili con carne*," with the same everlasting addle-pated good-will and willingness that always made him a good fellow to have around. Something in his wanton disregard of danger and hard work won its way to Ben's approbation, and he often found himself gaping with dropped jaw at the hump-shouldered, roman-nosed, figure who made the lash-ropes sing back and forth as the packs went on and off. Juan's ambidexterity with the diamond hitch amounted almost to a slight-of-hand performance.

So we see that wiry little greaser would work and sweat, and sing smilingly about the *carne* and the *leche con pan*, till every man and horse was completely fagged, and thus give strength to the weary and hope to the dying. Ben resolved, if possible, to appropriate this concentrated essence of New Mexico to his own business, at forty dollars a month, or more if necessary.

"Did you never got to saw nothing of dat Flossy mare no more?" asked Rido, as they sat down to supper at Greenwater.

"I've never seen a sign of her since last fall," answered Ben, cudgeling his brain to discover why he had associated her disappearance with old Spy's dried-up cackle on the morning of the stampede in the rain.

"I tink some dem speerit swiped her away from us," philosophized the Mexican, looking up with a half-apologetic face for a superstition which he nevertheless believed sincerely.

"I can't prove that you're wrong," smiled young Rojer. "But say, as we came up, I saw cow-tracks at the pond, and it strikes me they're the bunch that got away from us last spring. We ought to see 'em."

"What yu say we round 'em up tomorrow."

It was agreed to ride Horse Canyon the following day, and sunrise found the two cowboys examining the tracks on its sand-hills, and following the direction of the dry waterway northward

from Castle Gulch. Cow-tracks in the sand may appear old in an hour, or fresh in three weeks, and five miles north of the gulch, the indications of cattle were as strong as anywhere else. Two miles farther north all the tracks petered out, and not a cow in sight.

The two riders had crossed the divide between Horse Canyon and a similar canyon leading off to the north. They saw neither water nor tracks, but a new country into which Ben fancied a white man had never been. It may be that the new country stimulated his curiosity, but certain it is that something led him and his Mexican on and on—out through a side branch of the canyon into which they had gone, and down another sandy slope to the north.

They may have been eighteen miles from Castle Gulch when they rode out on the brow of a high, broken cliff. A deep, wide gulch lay below them, with apparently no trail leading to the bottom. It may have been a branch of what is called Red Canyon, or it may have found its way independently to the Colorado River.

Whether the gulch was named or nameless, young Rojer resolved to go down into it. He had a vague idea of finding grass and water, but greater than that, he felt the ticklish spur of curiosity—a desire to discover some mysterious treasure which might lay unclaimed in the unexplored. What could it be—a cliff-house, mummies and dishes and plunder? Those things could be there for all of the superstitious Pahutes. No difference, it was something, and it called to Ben from the rock-bound valley to come down and hunt it out.

They prospected the broken rim in both directions, and began to wonder whether they really did want to go down, when a horse came in sight on the hills below them. That settled it. They would reach the bottom if they had to go on foot, and slide over their lasso ropes down the first ledge. The rope plan was unnecessary, for Juan sang his thirsty self into the head of an old Indian trail, and the two horsemen covered its winding length down the rough hillside.

It brought them out a mile below the horse, and having no excuse other than the lone brute to lead them on, they turned promptly up the canyon, coming at once upon a beaten trail and fresh horse tracks. Their raging thirst interpreted the trail to mean water, so across the gulch and into a cove they followed it, and there by a pool stood the ghost of what used to be a dog. He half-threatened and half-welcomed them; he frisked towards them and then ran growling away.

"By George! that's Spy's dog," blurted Ben, at the same time wondering if the dreadful artillery might boom forth from behind some rock. They took barely time to drink and water their horses before turning enquiringly upon the ghastly little quadru-

ped, to learn all that his dumb tongue did not hinder him from telling. He had moped half way up a trail on the hillside, and sat there on his haunches with his woe-begone eyes upon them.

Then Rido's black eyes made a discovery: at the top of the trail, a cave had been transformed into a veritable Robinson Crusoe house. Both cowboys dropped the reins and started for it afoot. The dog still protested uncertainly, till Ben placed a reassuring hand on his withered head, and the two became friends on the spot. Juan, without thought of being bombarded, bolted up the trail, leaving his employer to study those sorrowful dog eyes, and listen to the silent, piteous tale of poverty and woe told in the dog-language learned years ago from old Bowse.

But lightning on a limb! Down that hill, as from a catapult came Juan Rido, covering no less than ten feet at a step. "*El diablo! El diablo!*" he shouted, stampeding Ben and the dog and the horses all at the same time. Young Rojer wouldn't have given ten cents for his chances; he felt sure that a projectile would splash through him before he could reach cover—but it didn't.

That skeleton of a dog stayed devotedly near while he crouched behind a rock, and showed no desire to leave him while he hunted Juan and the horses, and corrected the general disorder of the headlong retreat.

For some time the frightened Rido could do nothing but quake and shake his head saying, "*El diablo! El diablo!*" However, he consented at length to follow if Ben would lead, and up that hill they marched, reinforced by the superannuated puppy. How carefully the leader peeped in, while his wide-eyed follower would have bolted at the drop of a hat.

At first young Rojer saw nothing in the dark, windowless room, though a sickening smell oozed out through the rude, ax-hewn, cedar doorway. With eyes more accustomed to the shade, he traced the outline of a rude bunk, and on it old Spy, either dead or asleep. The old man was no poorer nor more weakened than he had been for years past, and the socket of his jaw showed no plainer than at other times. But his dried-up eyes—Ugh! no wonder Juan stampeded; "*El diablo*" himself could show no more frightful face to save his tail from the knife.

The miserable cooking utensils around the wretched old fireplace had been idle a long time, and the precious *tubacker* lay on a dirty ledge of the wall, covered with dust. No coyote, or rat, or beast or insect of any kind in that canyon had minced at the old hermit's tobacco, or his tobacco-soaked being. The half plug and the pickled remains of Charley Spy would dry there unmolested forever.

Whether the old man had suffered or not no one knew, and Ben had no stomach to touch the greasy old pocket-book on the dead man's breast. It might have told something of Kentucky

and a life of crime and exile, but the two cowboys bolted for the fresh air, leaving the book and its contents to rot together. They didn't touch the dreadful six-shooter, peeping from under a more dreadful pillow, nor the cannon-Winchester leaning against the wall at the head of the bed. It was a place and a face never to be lost from mind, and glancing back over his shoulder, as he went down the hill, Ben mused to himself, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

That ghost of a dog, which used to be Mike, followed his newly-found master out into the canyon and up to the lone horse. There were three horses: the sorrowful sorrel, now fat and sleek, a gray mare and Flossy. "By George!" gasped Ben.

"*El diablo viejo!*" echoed the astonished Rido.

It was late that night when the camp-fire blazed up at Greenwater, and later still when the pacing mare had been safely hobbled with the other horses, and Mike had eaten his first square meal for a long time.

Since they started for camp with Flossy, late in the afternoon, Juan had been unusually meditative. When he sat down cross-legged by the frying-pan to help eat the meal, which would have been supper five hours earlier in the evening, he seemed to have matured his philosophy to the talking point. "How did he got dat mare away, and don't leave no tracks?" he demanded, point blank.

"Oh, he led her around on the rock," explained Ben. "Anybody could do that."

But Juan preferred to believe differently, and asked by his incredulous smile, "Didn't I told you it was a speerit?"

The cattle from Horse Canyon came up to the pond early in the morning, and Ben branded two calves and moved his outfit on to Pagahrit that day.

The trip was not intended as a round-up, and the two cowboys made the usual rides, branded the *long-carced* calves, and started home two weeks from the time they reached the lake. With his liberal rations of beef, Mike became a new dog, and doubly devoted to his new master. Flossy was not new at all, but the same bird-like conveyance she had ever been, carrying young Rojer over the sand with an ease which made riding a keen delight.

While camped at the lake, Ben visited his cave with the same devotion that he would have paid to the old log meetinghouse if he had been at home. He reported to the dry, echoing walls that he was nearer alone than ever before; he told them that "his spirit was willing, but his flesh was desperately weak," as he found himself nearer to the evil day when a fell shape would appear in the distance. He halted on the rock-knolls with a heavy heart, and listened to the ever-constant whispering from the wilds all around.

With a far-away look he sang his homemade song, and dwelt with tear-dimmed eyes on the line:

"Watching and waiting, and hoping with fear."

Chapter XX—A Half-Bushel of Oats

As Ben and his Mexican returned from that fall ride they passed an Indian camp four miles east of Rincone. It presented no unusual appearance—simply two clusters of *wickiups* crowning two sand-knolls, and a bunch of cayuses standing wearily near in saddle and bridle. Besides that, a little swarm of papooses romped with big din on the sand, and what appeared to be a heated game of cards occupied the shady side of one *wickiup*. The game seemed to be between Pahutes and Navajos, the latter having probably come over from the reservation for that purpose.

Neither of the returning cowboys took much notice, however, being at the time absorbed in one of Juan's thrilling ghost stories. Half a mile on to the east, in the bottom of a swale, they discovered an Indian coming towards them as fast as he could whip. The same glance which caught sight of him, caught his wild signal to them to stop where they stood till he reached them. On he came, full drive, a tall, broad man, riding a wiry black mustang; and as he sped out of the dimness of distance, behold he was Jimmy. He thrust forth his sinewy hand with that old salutation which dates from the race and the wrestle on day-herd at Rincone.

"A Pahute has your mare," he began hurriedly to explain in his own language. "The Pahute's boy is coming on the mare from town; the Pahute is running down there along the river to pass you and tell the boy to hide. You hurry; meet the boy; get the mare."

Navajo may not be literally translated to English, but this is substantially what young Rojer's *brother* said, and then motioned Ben to hurry, nor stop to say thanks or anything else.

Flossy carried the boss of the Rojer outfit that afternoon, and when she felt a slack rein and a rattle of spurs, she took the hint and began to leave the trail behind at a dizzy clip. The anxious father, racing along the river bank, must have fallen hopelessly to the rear, for he made no appearance at all.

Four miles ahead Ben met a youthful Pahute, whom he recognized as one of the smaller fry that used to stand half-clad around the fire at Peavine, seven years before. The boy rode Alec's mother, a mare which, though good to ride, had been excused from all hard work so long as she raised a valuable colt each year. She had evidently been some time in the service of the Soorowits family, for her flesh was woefully lean, and a veritable pudding of a sore bloomed on her back.

To say the sight made Ben Rojer angry would be a very weak statement of facts; but he recalled some features of the past, nor forgot a dread forecast of the future. With as much mild firmness as possible, he put the boy and his butcher-knife saddle afoot on the sand; and tying his lasso around the poor old mare's neck, waited by the trail for Juan and the packs.

"Where's this mare's colt?" he demanded of the unhorsed Pahute, but that enterprising descendant of a horse-thief had fallen into a profound case of Pahute sulks, and pushed his sullen lips out so far that Ben fairly itched to slap them back into place. No doubt he would have done it, presto, but for a boding and whispering which held him constantly back. The colt, like his ill-fated brother, a promising bay, was likely being jostled and starved about with the sickly snarl of sore-backed cayuses dragged along with the Soorowits camp.

The men of the town regarded Ben's old mare with scowls of honest protest, but no one seemed at all eager to make trouble for Soorowits, nor to take any action which would possibly incur his testy displeasure. He might easily have fled to Pagahrit, Navajo Mountain, or some other safe retreat, and he probably would have gone without delay, but for the winkerless wench who told him what to do and when to refrain.

This winkerless woman brought him to town next morning, and stimulated him to take the mare from the stable. He tried it, but at the door he met young Rojer looking the stern sentiment which needed no further expression. Next he repaired to the village store and breathed out wicked threats, among other things declaring that Ben would disappear from the earth if the animal in question were not returned to him at once.

When he had gone cursing and fuming to camp, the wise men of the town began to recognize the case as a matter not to be winked at, for all of the peace policy to which they adhered. After having Ben swear out a complaint they hunted up a deputy sheriff, and providing themselves with firearms, followed the storming redman to his *wickiup*.

When they came up, Mrs. Soorowits looked slowly and hissing around, exactly like a snake getting ready to strike. Her winkerless eyes rested spitefully on the posse in general and each one in particular, but at Ben she looked all the venom of the whole serpent family.

The deputy sheriff had planned for part of the men to stand guard outside, while the others crowded into the frail house where, by quick action and main force, he hoped to land his man without firing a gun.

Six *wickiups* made up the camp. Buhhre smilingly occupied one of them, for he had made two or three matrimonial ventures, but always with the understanding that the bride was only a pro-

bationer—that she must be discarded the moment she became disobedient or offensive to Lady Soorowits.

The deputy sheriff's plans carried famously. No sooner did the long-nailed female fingers grip a Winchester than someone wrested it violently from them; and the sullen form of Soorowits went to earth rather ungracefully under three husky boys who forced his wrists together and clicked the handcuffs.

The snake-eyed lady fairly foamed at the mouth, and boiled over with poison. She cursed in Pahute and Navajo, she cursed in Mexican and English; she writhed and twisted and kicked, and finally succeeded in settling three of her infected claws in the back of a young fellow's hand. Her two children ran howling away like the terrified whelps of a fighting tigress.

If there is such a thing as a female satan, she must have found satisfactory expression in the Pahute gorgon who went perforce with the deputy sheriff's posse and Soorowits to town.

Buhhre followed smilingly after them, carrying a Colt's .45 and a rifle of big bore. He was accompanied by four other bucks, all of them as well armed but for the smiles.

On the frontier it often happens that no one knows how to give the machinery of law a proper or sufficient start, to make it grind the varied offenses which turn ripe for grinding. The lack of this very knowledge made Soorowits wait two days for a preliminary hearing, during all of which time he fretted under a close guard in town; but his morbid consort, being released, spent the time plotting in the hills and among the willows, with his anarchistic followers.

At length the prosecuting attorney sent word that he could not be present, but that the county would pay Ben to prosecute the case in the justice's court. This suggested to young Rojer a brilliant idea: Trouble with Soorowits had been foreshadowed that it might be avoided; it could be avoided by prosecuting the old Pahute to the full extent of the law, and placing him safely under lock and key.

Ben Rojer had never followed a track nor a clue with more scowl-faced determination than that with which he dug into the laws of Utah, in the few hours yet remaining before the opening of court. He arranged his evidence with all possible care, and roweled himself up to the task like a teamster flogs his lazy horse a half-mile before the steep hill comes in sight.

The justice held court in a schoolhouse. The place was jammed full. Many black eyes looked curiously out of dusky faces—Pahute and Navajo faces. Also the men and boys of the town turned out *en masse*. In the center of a bench, counsel on one side and guard on the other, sat Soorowits, looking daggers and hatchets at the whole proceeding. Buhhre stood by the wall.

heavily armed, and exactly the thing Shakespeare would call a "smiling damned villain." The snake-eyed snorter slid in along the bench, as near to her devoted husband as she dared to go, and took a frowning scrutiny of every white man present, all the time digging and scratching absent-mindedly in her snaky hair. If an old swill-barrel ever looked more sour or a slimy salamander more repulsive, young Rojer had failed to appreciate it.

During the taking of evidence, Soorowits' vengeful look followed Ben through every move. And then, in the summary of it all, when the cowboy lawyer talked with all the fervor which the love of peace and safety inspires, those three pairs of black eyes passed awful judgment upon him. He felt them fairly growl their hatred from under their brows, though one of them still smiled.

When the justice stood up in front of that blackboard, and spreading his written decision out on a school desk before him, bound the case over to appear in the district court, Ben heaved a great sigh of relief. He felt fully paid for his trouble, even if the county had forever forgotten the half-bushel of oats which, for this service, it bestowed upon him three months later.

The deputy sheriff's intentions were no doubt good, but he slouched through business with the ease and grace of an old shoe turned over at the heel. Instead of hustling his dusky prisoner to a cage, he left him in care of first one and then another, till at length he became the charge of a man who wore slippers, a linen collar and a gold ring.

He of the collar and the ring had a pistol of small calibre, and when he became the brave custodian of the Pahute offender, he put his popgun in his upper vest pocket. Soorowits silently took stock of the pretty toy, and apprised his plotting household.

It was easy to wheedle those slippered feet into a race—easy to insist that the inaction of being closely guarded had become tiresome in the extreme, and when that race came off, after ten seconds of discussion, the man of the hills found no trouble in leaving his gold-ringed competitor far behind in the road.

Even at this ridiculous stage of the performance the man with the collar suspicioned nothing till a black-haired horseman darted out of the willows, and bore the prisoner away behind him. Then the gold-wearing guard became stern and bold, and fired three shots in the direction of the doubly-loaded cayuse. In spite of those shots the cayuse disappeared in the edge of the willows, from which arose a muffled shout of exultation.

The three armed horsemen who followed in hot pursuit as soon as the alarm was given, came back without one glimpse of the fleeing outlaw. Two days later a Pahute brought word that one of the shots had taken effect—that Soorowits lay in a critical condition at a certain place in the rocks, but no one believed it. Even if the pea-shooter had really bounced one of its pellets

against the escaping horse-thief, he was too busy to notice it, and had no way of finding it out afterwards.

No one took this slovenly piece of business so much to heart as did Ben Rojer. Some folks even insisted that the escape was exactly right—that by it they would be shut of further trouble; and further trouble would be unnecessary, since Soorowits had seen enough severity to frighten him into a more righteous life.

To Ben, however, it was exactly wrong, an unjustifiable blunder. It had the appearance of a dreaded shape in the distance—a shape which would no doubt come to him with blood-thirsty vengeance.

He supplied himself with a saddle-gun and a good revolver, but somehow they failed to hang right, and gave more trouble than comfort from the very first. He couldn't adjust the rifle satisfactorily under his knee, and the belt with its weighted scabbard dangled always in the way like a first-class nuisance. Besides that, they were, in some strange way, a contradiction to the Ben Rojer of Pagahrit Cave. Still, he clung to them as a necessary evil, and hoped and feared for the meeting with the distant shape!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Plates of the Tuckabatches.—The ERA has been handed a clipping, from the *Tahlequah Democrat*, by Mr. Lorenzo D. Creel, special agent for scattered bands of Indians in Utah. The clipping reads as follows: "When the Creek or Muskogee Indians adopted into their tribe the remnants of other tribes which were nearly extinct, many superstitions were found among them. One of these tribes was the Tuckabatches. The legends of the Creeks state that the Tuckabatches brought with them seven plates, the origin and object of which have puzzled scientific men for centuries. The Tuckabatches claim that these plates were given them by their ancestors. They were not to be handled by all persons—only by particular men, and those chosen by the chief or Micco of the tribe. Five of the plates were of copper and two of brass. The copper plates were about 18 inches long and seven inches wide; the brass ones being round and 18 inches in diameter, having two characters on them similar to the letters A and E connected. The plates were kept buried under the house of the chief and are believed to be still in existence. The superstitions of the Tuckabatches became a fixed ceremony of a large part of the Creek tribe. Many of the Creeks, who are descendants of those who were never reconciled to the admission of the Tuckabatches, always had a superstitious dread of the brass-plates, and this dread took the form of a belief that contact with them meant death or disaster—and that aboriginal belief has not wholly departed."

Zion Cannot be Defiled*

BY DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, PRESIDENT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG
UNIVERSITY, PROVO

I am full of gratitude for the blessings that have come to me from my fathers and my mothers, both in heaven and on earth. I feel as I nearly always feel in the presence of an assembly of my brethren and sisters, that I need their faith and prayers; and if I get these I shall not have any occasion to ask for your attention. You have not come up here to hear me. You have come up here to hear the word of the Lord, and if I have been called by his authority to be the instrument, feeble and unworthy as I am, why, the Lord will be praised for anything that I may say, and it will depend upon him and you.

In the remarks made at the opening of this conference, by President Joseph F. Smith, I was led to reflect, and I felt very keenly, that he was actuated by a spirit of boldness and courage that came from his calling, reinforced by our Father. He did not ask what the people wanted to hear. He did not ask what would increase his good favor among this people. He evidently had but one thought, and it was akin to that which inspired the Prophet Brigham when the question came up as to who was to lead the Church, and he remarked: "I do not care who leads this Church, even if it is Ann Lee; but what I want to know is what the Lord has to say about this." And our President has but one consideration, What is the will of the Lord concerning this people? And he has given us the will of the Lord. There is a passage of scripture in one of the revelations, wherein the Lord said that, "If ye suffer evil to come into this house, (speaking of the Temple) I will reject it." Now some evil person might have come into that house, some apostate, some enemy. Our great Temple here has been invaded by evil persons getting in there and getting pictures, thieves as they were; but it was not suffered. You did not consent to it; I did not consent to it; the authorities did not consent to it. Hence, it could not be said that we suffered these things.

President Smith could not suffer anything in Zion of a nature

*A fifteen-minute inspiring talk at one of the overflow meetings in the Assembly Hall, at the late October conference.

that would pollute her. We sang here today, "Let the mountains shout for joy;" and when that hymn was being sung I thought of a circumstance of but a little over a year ago, when sixty-five eminent scientists from all over the world passed through our country. I had the privilege of riding in a car with one of them across Provo bench. I had a returned missionary by my side, one of my sons; and we had a German, an Italian, and a Russian in the car. And the German asked the boy where he got his German. He was told he got it in a "Mormon" school and on a mission in Germany. He said, "I thought you were a German-born."

Then he looked all around, and I undertook to explain to him something about the nature of our people.

"Oh!" he said, "don't talk, Professor, the mountains shout for your people. See the canal there, that they have made; the ground echoes the thoughts and character of your people. See the orchards, see the harvests, the fields; look at your buildings that cry out what you are. These are the echoes of the character of your people. It all speaks for you, and it gives the lie to all that has been said about you as a bad people."

I thought in my soul, verily the prophecy is being fulfilled which said that the mountains should melt away. I believe in the literal melting away of the mountains of ice at the coming of the Ten Tribes from the North; but I believe also it may have a figurative meaning—mountains of prejudice melting away before this people! I believe what the young missionary said when the minister said to him, "Why, you have Moses and the Prophets; why not listen to them?" He turned and said to him, "I would have you understand that Wilford Woodruff, in his place, is as great a prophet as Moses ever dared to be." I believe that about President Woodruff. I believed that when I heard him say, during the time we were dedicating the great Salt Lake Temple, that "from this time on this people will begin to prevail among the nations of the earth."

We, through the action of our fathers and our mothers, had prevailed against the desert. We had prevailed against persecution. We had prevailed against the insidious inroads of vice, and we had produced a community of which God could say, through his Prophet, when our glorious Temple was finished, "they shall now prevail against the prejudices of the world."

Have we done it? You think where we stood politically. You think where we stood financially. You think where we stood educationally, at the time that prophecy was made; and then think of where we are now!

Why, through our proselyting we are now confronted with ministers congregating and crying out, "We are powerless. Some laws must be enacted against these 'Mormon' elders." Is that

prevailing? What am I bold to bear testimony about today? The Latter-day Saints have been branded as an ignorant people. What is the condition today? You ask the college presidents of this and other nations. Who would have said, who would have dared to say, ten years ago, that one of the greatest institutions in the United States has sent to the Brigham Young University and petitioned one of its "Mormon" boy professors, upon whom they had conferred a doctor's degree, to come back to Chicago and occupy a professor's chair, and have his assistant there?

And when our boys go out, they observe something that makes us think. One returned a few weeks ago. He said, "We are the watchword; we are on the map educationally." It was said of him: "You are from the Brigham Young?" "Yes." Of another it was said, "You are from the B. Y. C.?" and so on, and, "We know something about that." Brethren and sisters, we are prevailing.

Why are we prevailing, in Zion? We are prevailing because we have refused to let Zion be defiled. That is why we are prevailing. Zion cannot be defiled, because the Prophet of God will never consent, and there never will be, there never has been, and there never will be, an official assent to the inroad of any iniquity among this people; and as long as there is always an official phalanx standing up and refusing official sanction to the admittance of any evil in this Church, then Zion, the organization that God has established, cannot be defiled. "Individuals may be defiled," as Brother Maeser used to say, but yet the Lord has said that this kingdom shall never fall; but he has never said that I shall never fall.

There is Zion, the pure in heart. That is an element. There is Zion, this continent. There is Zion, the organization of the Church of God. Zion is glorious. Zion is the bride of Christ. Zion is that which we should defend. She is a ship of eternal state, and I am so glad, so happy, to be a part of that great thing called Zion. I never was made happier in my life than when I saw an action taken by a student body, and it was manifest the next morning on their countenances, that "The use of tobacco on this campus is forbidden by order of the Board of Control." What does that mean? That is a part of Zion, refusing to be defiled, and our President yesterday made the correct stand, to refuse to let Zion be defiled.

What is my mission? To go to my place, back to the Brigham Young University, and say to our force of teachers, we shall refuse anything to come into this school that would defile Zion. What is my honest duty next? To go to my own home, and do the same thing. To the bishops and the presidents of stakes I have nothing to say. They know they are the most responsible

men in the Church under the general authorities. I know what is to be done. I know that if nothing had been done in this conference but to listen to the word of the Lord yesterday, Israel would be well repaid. God bless you. Amen.



KONIGSBERG CHOIR, GERMANY

The above portrait represents the Konigsberg Choir, Germany. Much progress is being made in that branch. The Sunday school over which Elder McLoyd Lauritzen is superintendent is especially prosperous. The people are anxious for the truth, but sectarian jealousy has caused considerable trouble with the police.

An elders convention was held at Deseret, No. 152 High Road, South Tottenham, London N., England, September 9 and 10, 1913. There were present Presidents E. Taft Benson of the European Mission, Hyrum W. Valentine of the Swiss-German Mission, Edgar B. Brossard of the French Mission, Thomas C. Hair of the Netherlands Mission, Theodore Tobiason, enroute for Sweden to take up his duties as president of that mission; Fred R. Woolley, emigration clerk for the European Mission, Orville W. Adams, secretary of the European Mission, four lady missionaries and approximately two hundred fifty traveling elders of the British Mission. A profitable two days' session was held in which important instructions were given to the assembled elders.

To Him who Strives

BY JOSEPHINE SPENCER

"Going to Stanford next year, Jack?"

"Stanford? Gee—no! I'm going to hunt a job. It's been hard enough working my way so far; I can't afford anything as gilt-edged as a college course."

Afton Gray's dark eyes filled suddenly with tears. "I forgot, Jack," she said, simply. But the apology did not ease her conscience. Think of her forgetting the trouble that had left her school comrade without home, or home-ties—and within a year's time! She had heard the story often—the death of both parents, and loss of every shred of the big estate that had once been theirs—and Jack's plucky effort to meet his reverses and make good with the world.

"I hope the job will be a good one, Jack," she said, "and not too far off. We have had some great times together, now I think of it—all through the school grades."

Jack's face, grown dark with memory of his problems, suddenly lightened.

"Your face was the first I noticed among the kids in my first grade, and we've managed not to let one another get ahead since," he said.

They laughed, and then Jack said soberly, "I can't tell where the big life-grind will be. I've been trying all year to find something so I could have my start ready when school ended, but it's thin pickings, just now. I can get back into the little town grocery—you know I worked there last vacation, but there is nothing in it for a real start; just salary enough to keep one fed and clothed, according to law—and no mind-work whatever. I've tried for a teacher—but everything's tied up. That's the case in the city—a hundred applications for every clerkship. I confess neither of those livelihoods appeal to me thrillingly; I've always had a nipping want to be outdoors. It's going to be the open for me—if I can get it, and keep it."

"Have you thought of anything definite?"

"Yes; but definite thinking, and definite choosing, are different things, unless you have money or a pull to back your best wish. I'd like orange-farming, but the summer I tried out for that as just a laborer, left me few illusions as to getting ahead of the bare living. The owner has a big chance and has it all.

You may not believe it—but I've tried one or two things in the way of a living since—

Afton's hand went out impulsively. "I know—Jack—I've heard about it—and it's splendid!"

Jack flushed. "I don't think I have any calcium halo coming to me for what I've done," he laughed. "A fellow has to face his problems, that's all."

"I have a strong idea you will fight all yours out of existence," smiled Afton.

"'Fight' is going to be an apt word, perhaps," said Jack, smiling too; "that is, if I carry out what I'm considering now."

"Is it a secret?"

"Not at all. I've a friend, an old home-mate of mine, who has been following the sea. He chose it in preference to the college chance his father offered him—and says it beats anything on earth. He's on one of Uncle Sam's warships now—and promises to get me a place there, too, if I want it."

"But—"

"Oh, there will be difficulties, of course, but his father has a pull, you see; that's how Ned came to get in without any special trouble."

"But the sea—that means—"

"It means experience, discipline, travel, education in a hundred ways that I could never get behind a counter or on a farm. It means outdoor action, of some sort, always—and then, too, though, of course, always remotely, the chance of fighting for your country."

"It sounds splendid," said Afton, hesitatingly, "but then it means, too, that you *have no* country in a way—no home. Your country is the ocean, your home a ship's deck."

"There isn't so much for me on land in either of those things to make it much different," said Jack.

Afton blushed. Would she never stop blundering into that subject?

"You've got friends, Jack, anyway," she made haste to say. "Don't forget, wherever you may be, that we've always been good comrades, and that I and mother and the folks will always be glad to see you. That's what I looked you up for now. We want you to come and spend what time you can at the Beach. There's a half dozen of the school bunch coming down next week. The boys are going to take tents, and a few of us who have homes there are going to house the girls. You must come for a final swim before you go away."

Jack held out his hand. "Wouldn't miss it for a prizefight, Comrade. Besides, it's just the place to think over Ned's offer. I get all sorts of good tips from the ocean, and I seem to see all my big problems clearer when I'm living out doors."

Jack went with Afton down to the big Pacific Electric station, and waited until the beach train glided into the runway, then took her through the gate and put her into her seat. They shook hands in true comrade style, and parted with a renewal of Jack's promise for next week. There was no sentiment between them of a truly tender sort—they were too young, and the sense of mere school comradeship too strong. Afton's fine, frank character made her popular with both her feminine and masculine friends, and there had been no one among the latter who had been singled out, even unconsciously in her mind. Jack was a fine fellow, and she liked him immensely—that was all. Jack's own mental attitude on the question was nearly the same, with perhaps a little keener sense of appreciation for her genuine friendship, which to a young person without kindred, must necessarily stand for much.

The next week found the party of school friends at the Beach, enjoying everything that came to them in the way of pleasure. The chief thing, of course, was the sea surf, where they spent as many hours as possible each day—and besides this, of course, were the excursions by land and water, the boat rides to the various near points in the pleasure steamers, and numberless rowing parties, especially by moonlight, when the party formed a fleet of four or five of the big boats, and spent the early evening, when the tide was low, in fine rides up and down the big harbor formed by the breakwater.

Passengers on the bigger boats listened many an evening to the clear, young voices ringing out across the water in school glees, and the catchy, popular songs which their good lungs sent far out into the distance.

More interesting to Jack than anything else were the frequent flights of the birdmen, who often passed and repassed on their way to and from their meets at Monterey and San Diego. Jack's love for the open was almost a passion, and the air flights seemed to him the apex of all that was alluring and fine and free. One early morning in his tent at the sea, he was aroused by a great whirring above, and rushing out with the others saw an aeroplane gracefully sweeping across the near bay, not a hundred yards away. Jack envied with his whole heart the man in the little craft; a great yearning surged in him to feel the rush of the cool air around him high above the earth, and see the blue sea stretching under him like a field of turquoise. The aviator was billed for a local display that afternoon, and Jack and the others of the party were among the great throng gathered at the beach to see the near ascent. The aeroplane was stationed at the extreme edge of the sand, a hundred yards from the pier, and Jack, slipping away from the others, managed to get close to the airman as he made ready for his flight. To his surprise he recog-

nized Hanly Brown, who had spent two years as an employe on his father's orange grove before the crash came that had taken everything from them. Jack's breath came fast. He edged nearer. "Hullo, Han!" he said, in the manner of old times.

Hanly turned, and came forward with outstretched hands.

"If it isn't Bub Everly! Where have you been, youngster? I've thought of you a lot—and tried to locate you several times."

"You can make me believe that was hard work," said Jack. "I've been so many different places since I saw you, I've had to hire a detective to keep track of myself."

"Been good to yourself, I hope?" asked Hanly with genuine interest.

"Good is a tame word," laughed Jack.

"I've been wishing you'd let me hear from you—and do something for you—if you need it," said Hanly. "It's going to take a lifetime to make me forget the way I was treated at your place."

"You're not in my debt," smiled Jack. "But there's something you can do for me that will put me deep in yours. It's right now, today," he went on, as Hanly looked at him inquiringly. "I want to go up in the machine with you—I'm wild for it—and it's my one possible chance."

Hanly's face fell. "I thought there was nothing I could refuse you," he said. "But I don't need to tell you the risks, and that I wouldn't care to repay my debt of gratitude by chancing your life in a flight. We're never sure, you know," he said.

"Neither are we earth-birds," laughed Jack. "Bad things happen below as well as above—and I'll never rest until I try air-travel. It will be with you, or the next fellow that will take me."

Hanly recognized the certain note in Jack's voice.

"I wish you'd let me off," he said, with a last effort against Jack's risk.

"I'd rather go with you than anyone else," said Jack, eagerly.

Hanly pointed to the machine. "Hop in," he said, "I'm ready to start."

As the two climbed into the aeroplane, a big murmur of excitement sounded from the throng—which surged for a closer view of the daring young passenger. As the craft skimmed upward, Jack caught a glimpse of Afton Gray's pale face upturned in vain demur—then everything below was forgotten. Jack's sense, at first, was not of rising, but that things were tumbling away from him, pell-mell. Then came the splendid sense of soaring—of getting away from all known things—planet and all. It flashed upon Jack with wonderful sensation that for the first time he was detached from the big globe which men call earth—from the shackles of that great law which keeps mankind chained to its surface—while it rolls them through unimaginable space. He

was in that deep blue atmosphere which had hung alluringly above him all his life, breathing its pure essence, free from murk or choking earth-scents—the air rushing gloriously past him with free, unhindered sweep.

He would have shouted in his exhilaration—but just then the machine took a sudden dip. He saw Hanly lean forward quickly, his face pale and anxious. The craft righted from its perilous position but still settled downward. Hanly did not speak, and Jack, breathless, watched his efforts to bring the machine back to its horizontal course. It had fallen rapidly, and Jack could hear the frightened cries from the crowd below, sounding like a mighty, solemn chord. Then, suddenly the quick fall slackened, the machine became for a moment almost motionless, then shot straight ahead. Jack heaved a sigh of relief—but his trouble was not over. Hanly was managing the machine adroitly, but their flight had taken them far from shore, and though they were now descending more gradually, it was certain the aeroplane would alight far from land. The only boats visible were those about the long pier, and Hanly guided towards these, hoping that his flight might come within distance of possible help. Now and then, in their rapid course, Jack felt the sudden drop of the craft, telling that something was wrong, and that only good luck and Hanly's clever driving had kept them, so far, from death. Nearer and nearer they sped. Jack could distinguish the gasoline launches from the big blur around the long pier. These were moving—two or three of them—their course guided evidently by that of the aeroplane. Suddenly, Jack held his breath. There was a great jerk, then a sheer fall downward, and in an instant they were in the water. Following Hanly's quick command, Jack jumped clear of the craft, and after a deep plunge, came up gasping, to see Hanly striving vainly to extricate himself from the machine. Nearly submerged, lurching with the big sea roll, and driving here and there by the waning force of its own propeller, it seemed a veritable floating trap, from which Hanly, his head only now and then visible, seemed helpless to extricate himself.

Jack swam to him, and clutching the bobbing plane, tried to get Hanly from underneath. Twice, in seeking to drag the aviator from underneath, Jack went down, and only his skill at swimming kept him from drowning. When he came up the second time, he could see nothing of his companion. A great fear came to him. Waiting only for breath, he dove under again, and this time saw Hanly far down, floating free of the machine. He managed to grasp him, and get to the surface, but his work seemed too late. Hanly was unconscious, and Jack, trying to keep him afloat, realized that only outside aid could help either of them from their peril.

It was coming—in the shape of a life-boat, and two of the

smaller steamers, which were pulling quickly toward them. Jack did not dare grasp at the rolling air-craft for support, and his own strength, well-nigh spent, hardly kept Hanly's head above water.

One of the steamers chugged alongside just as Jack's grasp relaxed, and while deft hands dragged Hanly on board, one of the life-guards from the rowboat which reached the spot almost at the same time, dove into the green depths and brought Jack's exhausted body to the surface. The boy revived in a few moments under their expert aid—but poor Hanly, when they reached the shore, was still unconscious. An ambulance bore him rapidly away to the hospital, leaving Jack to tell the story of the flight to a horde of hungry newspaper men and others who swarmed about him on the beach. In a few moments his classmates managed to push through the crowd, and rushed their comrade off to his tent for dry clothing. He had no sooner donned this than a message came from Afton Gray, telling him that her mother insisted on his coming to their house for the night. Her mother's quick wit had guessed the all-night session which awaited him from curious folk, and suggested a possible way of saving Jack from its infliction.

Jack gratefully accepted the rescue—waiting only for a quick run to the hospital in a friend's auto, to learn of Hanly's condition. To his relief, the report was favorable, and the rest of Jack's evening was spent in comparative comfort, only the girls and boys of the school "bunch" being admitted to Afton's home.

They all left early, with the exception of Jed Davis, who, as Jack's chum, shared in the invitation to spend the night. In the spare room placed at their disposal the two boys passed a wakeful two hours, Jack, restless from his exciting day, and Jed, after long, loyal, self-repression, morbidly eager to hear, to the last detail, Jack's thrilling adventure.

Both slept restfully at last, however, and morning found Jack as well as if no peril had threatened, and no death had reached short arms for him so little a time before. His early call at the hospital found the bird-man sitting up in bed, eager to see his darling young companion.

"You may believe me or turn it down, as you like," said Hanly, "but if you hadn't won out all right from that flight, I'd never have put up another one again as long as I live."

"You mean to say you're going to try it over?" asked Jack.

"I'm due for the Monterey meet on Monday," said Hanly.

Jack looked at him in genuine admiration. "That beats facing the cannon's mouth," he said. "I thought yesterday would take it all out of you."

"I hope it has done that for you," exclaimed Hanly, earnestly.

"I'm not sorry I have had the experience, now it's well over ; but I shan't want to try it again in a lifetime—unless science achieves the riskless air-ship," smiled Jack.

"It's good to hear you say it," said Hanly, "and it's how your father would feel, too. What are your plans, anyway, youngster? Don't want to pry, you understand—but I saw a great deal of your growing up, and I'd like to know how you pull through."

"I've been lucky enough to get a chance at a berth on a man-of-war."

Hanly laughed. "I might have known it would be something like that," he said. "When do you go?"

"In a fortnight."

"From what port?"

"Right here. I expected to sign at San Francisco, but my ship is due here with a fleet of five others on their way to San Diego."

"How long do you sign for?"

"For two years—as a try-out. After that—I don't know."

"Let me know when you come back, if you do—and if I am—" He stopped expressively.

"If you are alive," said Jack, soberly, "I'll hunt you up."

At the Grays' invitation, Jack and his chum spent the week-end at the house, and in spite of Jack's previous enjoyment of his seaside tent, the experience brought him a pleasure which he had not known for several years. It was, in fact, the first taste of home life he had had in that time, and roused keen memories of the cheery home so suddenly broken up. Down under all his real stoicism lay a deep tenderness for the ties which every true man feels, however adventurous his spirit, and this short renewal of past joys made lasting impression in Jack's memory.

Afton's two girl guests were jolly creatures who helped to make the house-party a merry one, the experience being altogether the most delightful Jack had spent in years.

The next week was a momentous one for him. It brought the little fleet of war vessels with which came the *Lincoln*, for whose service he was to sign. Jack's decision had come to him in the first week of his stay at the Beach—the ocean luring him, as it had always done ; and the experience promising to discount all the tamer chances which awaited his choosing.

The fleet arrived at night, and it was a stirring sight to Jack when the dark shapes, one by one, rounded the big breakwater, and threw their searchlights across the harbor. The mere sight of a battleship to Jack stood for thrilling things, and now the long, white rays searching the dark bay, seemed like arms held out to welcome him. At dawn, too, when they lay—long, low shapes on the blue sea at the harbor's outer edge—the ships held something like a kindred sense which sent new thrills to Jack's heart.

At noon his own ship, the *Lincoln*, steamed up within a mile of the pier, and the small boats and launches brought the officers and men swarming ashore. Ned was among the first to land, and grasped Jack's hand with a bone-splitting squeeze.

"It's great to think you're going to be with us, old fellow," he exclaimed.

"It's great to have the chance," said Jack.

Jack was not to sign until the day of departure, so that the gay week that followed was free from restraint. Jack was back in his seaside tent, and Ned, who put up at the big beach hotel, shared Jack's quarters for a night or two, afterward insisting on his friend's staying with him at the famous hostelry. Here he met Leon Hademy, a wealthy young Spanish-Cuban, whom he was afterward to remember for many reasons.

The first began in the big ball at the hotel, given in honor of the officers of the war fleet, at which Afton Gray was introduced to the handsome young foreigner, a simple enough event in Jack's eyes just then, but leading to things which were to be far from inconsequential afterward. He noted particularly, indeed, as who did not?—the decided impression made by Afton on the stranger, as witnessed by the number of waltzes on her dancing-card which stood opposite his name; but the fact brought no ire to Jack's heart, outside that of a rather intense disappointment in not being able to dance oftener himself with the best waltzer in town, and "dandy" hostess besides, who had brought back to him a long-lost flavor of home. He told Afton so, and she laughed with him in her own cheery way.

"I don't know how he came by so many dances," she said. "I told him I had to save some for all the class boys, at least, and thought their names were all down long ago. However, the handsome Hademy appears and claims every other one—I don't know how. Must be legerdemain of some kind."

The next evening was Jack's last on shore, and he spent it all at the Gray home—where his warm welcome and farewell at parting—brought a weakness to his heart and eyes which Jack felt was not unmanly to indulge. The handshaking next morning at the pier was not half so hard, though all Jack's friends and schoolmates for years past had gathered to see him off. It was Afton's face which remained distinct longer in the crowd when distance blurred outlines, as the boat sped outward to the *Lincoln*, as it had when he went skyward in the perilous air flight, and Jack sensed, in a dim way—he could not have explained why—that he was glad her face was the last he saw on launching into his new life.

Strenuous as were the weeks following, with their new duties, and strange, hard discipline, they were wonderful ones to Jack. Their stay at San Diego gave him time to get partly accustomed

to requirements, the drill work coming much easier because of Ned's former coaching, both by way of verbal and written lessons.

When the fleet reached San Francisco, Jack was quite at ease in his ship's work, and hailed with joy the news that the *Lincoln's* next orders were for the Orient. Then came the wonderful experience he had longed for, the sight of strange lands, with their stranger people and customs; ports famous in history, ancient and modern; peoples whose origin was linked with earth's earliest known records, and scenes rife with incidents that had thrilled him in days when he had conned their story in school-book, and map. Luck, fate, or Providence seemed to favor the boy's wildest desires, for with Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan and China visited, there came news that they were to sail to Australia, and thence to South America. All these places held their interesting personal incidents, and even adventures sometimes, for the absorbed and absorbing youth, and when Time's dial recorded an even year passed since his venture into the new life, Jack could hardly believe that so much could have been experienced in the short twelvemonths. The next year took him to even further shores. Mexico's Gulf and the Mediterranean's indigo waves lapped the *Lincoln's* prow, and Italy, Egypt and Syria's wonderlands were viewed by her eager crew, with plenty of time to absorb the treasures of art and architecture, the peoples and customs.

It was when they were bound for the long voyage home, and night and day passed again and again, with nothing to break the monotony of sea and sky, that it all began to pall. Often during the journey, Afton Gray's words came back to him, "You have really no country but the ocean, no home but a ship's deck." It was true of himself, at least. Most of the men aboard, probably all of them—had homes to which they were returning. Mothers or wives or sweethearts waited their coming with eager hearts. It came to him with almost sickening force at times that there was no one who waited to welcome him from the long absence from home shores. He thought often of his last days there, the delightful week spent in home-fashion at the Grays'; but there was not even that, now. Afton he had not heard from for a year past. She had answered his friendly letters up to that time, then her own had ceased. Often in the long nights he found himself thinking of her, the fine, frank brown eyes that had met his own in genuine liking—expressed all through their long comradeship. The finest girl he had ever seen, he began to realize now. Her ideas of life, too, were all right. When he had told her of his final decision as to the *Lincoln*, she had pictured it all out—things that then he could not see—the final ennui of a life spent in a round of routine work, with no goal but a possible promo-

tion in rank, with no actual thing done in the way of adding to the sum of human good, knowledge or achievement. It had been infinitely better, so far, than the other things which had been open to his choice, at that time. All that he had gained in education and knowledge since would help him in his development more by far than his previous tame experiences. But there were big things to be done ashore that could hardly be balanced in his present life, unless Fate, indeed, might bring one a chance to risk something in actual warfare for one's country. The land, with its wonderful promise; citizenship, with its untold opportunities of service, great as those of actual battle; and other things that came into one's life. The thought brought back a strange little thrill again, that had begun to unsettle him with every remembrance of Afton. She was worth more than credits for perfect drill work, or advancing rank in a ship's list of officers, or even fame won in a country's cause!

The idea came so suddenly that Jack was startled; and yet it must always have been down deep in his heart, he told himself. Only a chump could know a girl of her calibre and not see at once—that she was the only girl!

He spent many a wakeful night after that—planning. The *Lincoln* was bound for a two week's stay at San Diego. That would give him time to run down to the old place—and find out things. He had still two months to consider re-signing for service. If everything went well—with Afton—and fate favored him with half a chance at livelihood on shore, he would elect to stay with the land!

He had expected the *Lincoln* to remain at San Diego, but to his joy the ship stayed only two days there, then went north, bound for San Francisco, with a few days' stay on the way in the quiet home harbor.

They turned into it at sunset, but it was eight o'clock before Jack managed to get ashore. He went straight to the Gray home, and knocked at the door with a strange feeling in his heart. Afton herself answered, and greeted him with unmistakable pleasure, as did her mother. There was a brief, fifteen minutes of genuine, hearty reunion—which passed, however, when a second knock sounded without. Jack had to prod memory for identification of the partially familiar face of the guest who entered, but it came to him presently as that of Ned's acquaintance whom he had met before his departure at the big Beach Hotel.

The puzzling thing that remained was the change in Afton's manner. It was that of a sudden tension, a restraint, and even coldness taking the place of the old frankness of a moment before. Mrs. Gray, too, seemed to reflect it, and presently Jack guessed its meaning, told in Hademy's conscious air of proprietorship and assured ease.

This grew, momentarily, into something aggressive—an unexpressed but intense sense of dislike for Jack's presence. Offensively cool, he managed to convey in tone and manner a contemptuous indifference for the young sailor which roused Jack's ire. His nature was not given to endurance of that sort of thing, and his resentment would have shown in something as openly hostile as Hademy's, had not Afton's own manner chilled him. More than uncomfortable at this, and smarting under Hademy's insolent bearing, Jack soon took his departure. The import of it all was not long in finding explanation. At the corner Jim Lawler, an old schoolmate, stopped him for a hearty handshake.

"Been at the Grays'?" he asked, when greetings were over.

Jack nodded.

"It takes nerve—don't you think, nowadays?" asked Lawler, "especially if the foreign fiance happens to be present."

Jack's heart sank. "It's all settled, then, is it?" he asked.

"Oh, sure! The wedding's set for June. Might as well be married now, though, for all the chance Afton has for other companionships."

"Jealousy, is it?" asked Jack, mechanically.

"You'd think so, if you'd seen the game, since he's sure of Afton. Hear about Bert Harley? Insulted him one evening for calling on Afton—just in the old, friendly way, you know—after her engagement. Bert resented it—and there came near being a tragedy. Since that, the Gray domicile is shy of masculine callers."

"I can't reconcile it all with Afton's spirit. She used to be different," said Jack.

"That's just the trouble. A lot of us would be willing to bluff a little, play a harmless game of freeze-out now and then, if she were willing. But Hademy seems to have complete mastery there—has a lot of money, which may account for some of it. Then there's an eastern aunt of Afton's who is helping Hademy to play his game—thinks Afton honored by the chance of getting into one of the old Spanish families, to say nothing of all the cash. He's made that within the past five years, I understand, furnishing firearms for the Mexicans—and in orange groves. Yes, he's one of a big gun-firm in Texas, and has besides nearly a whole county laid out in orange groves here in the State. He's in some sort of litigation with the Japs now, though—wants to freeze them out of the orange business. They've got a big place adjoining his, and they stand in his way."

Jack had little interest in his friend's news outside the fact of Afton's engagement, and after a few more words went back to the ship. He passed sleepless hours re-forming the plans he had nourished on the homeward trip. Something, the vital thing, he realized now, was missing to give them interest. He would

keep on in the same way, now. It did not seem to matter much what became of his future.

He spent a restless day aboard, wishing impatiently that the *Lincoln* might go on her way. Then, at nightfall, he could stand it no longer and went ashore. On every street he met the boys of the *Lincoln's* crew, some of them native-born sons of the little sea-town, joyful in reunion with home people, many of them with their sweethearts—who wore proudly the sailors' hat bands bearing the *Lincoln's* name. Jack felt the old, lonely feeling tug at his heart, that had been there during the first year after his parents' death. The sight of all the cheery faces suddenly became unendurable. With a quick impulse he boarded a line of cars outside the Electric station, not caring where it might be bound. It stopped at San Pedro, and Jack, wishing only to be moving—boarded a passing streetcar. He did not note its direction until the conductor called, "Point Firman," then left his seat.

He knew the way well from previous excursions, and strode away up the incline to the cliffs. His last trip there had been with the jolly beach-party of two years since, and Afton had been his "partner." He remembered they had spent a half-hour on a dizzy little niche on the cliff's front, much to the dismay of their party. It suited Jack's mood, just now to seek out the rather perilous resting-place. It was not easy, groping in the darkness around the steep front, but his ship's life had made him used to climbing, and he was seen seated in the nook high above the sea.

Away from human sight, the discouraging thoughts which Jack had fought down so many hours, held full sway. Homesickness, the human longing for close home-ties, became a veritable tumult in his heart—dangerous from long suppression. Life, after all, seemed not worth while. Brave as his struggle might be, it could not win for him the priceless things he wanted most. The life stretching before him—the possible things—all seemed empty—a rare and dangerous mood for one of Jack's sanguine temperament!

Then, suddenly something happened. Just above him on the jutting cliff, stood a little rustic summer house, sheltering a bench for tourists. From its interior came the sound of a voice—one just now distinct in Jack's consciousness. He could not doubt the sharp sibilance of certain words which marked Hademy's tones.

A strange voice answered—and its words wiped all selfish brooding from Jack's mind.

"Blow up the battleship! You have gone mad!"

"You will not think so when I explain my plans. War is bound to come soon, with Japan—is it madness to precipitate it by perhaps a few years? Think what it would mean for you and me just now. A thousand acres of oranges—to say nothing of

the contracts for firearms. It would mean just that, I tell you. A sudden action by either party, and war will be declared within a month. With two such foes pitted against each other, it might last half a dozen years. There was the Cicil War, you remember, which held out nearly as long. Every Japanese subject would be recalled—giving us our chance at the land we want, and for a song. Surely you can see it!

“But the price—the risk!”

“The price is an American battleship. Do you think I owe them anything—these Americans? Think how long my family lived in poverty, through the ruin brought by their interference in our affairs in Cuba. I would light the fuse to the mine myself if it could be done safely. But there is a point right there which cannot be slighted. Suspicion must rest nowhere but upon an alien. I have been busy starting rumors of some plot—secret meetings of the Japanese in Los Angeles—you have seen the papers? It has all been laughed at, but wait and see! My plan is this. Tomorrow evening you hire the Jap fisherman at Rolfe’s pier for a trip out to the ship. There will be dozens of other boats hovering about—there is to be a banquet for the town officials on board, given in return for their courtesy to the ship’s officers to-night at the Beach Hotel. That will be your chance to get near enough with the bomb. Once laid, and your boat within safe distance, you can do what is necessary.”

“And my Jap fisherman!” said the other, ironically. “I suppose he becomes a docile and blind instrument to his own and possibly his country’s undoing!”

“He is to know nothing except the ostensible purpose of your trip. I have planned a way for disposing of him later—and incidentally helping out my scheme. His presence in the vicinity of the ship will be noted—have no fear. I shall have my own pleasure party aboard a launch for that purpose; then there will be things placed in his hut to help out when investigation begins.”

Jack heard the other’s voice in answer, but the tones were low—so low he could not distinguish the words. Then, presently, they went away. Jack climbed back to the narrow path. He could see dimly the figures of the two men ahead, and crept noiselessly after them. Fifty yards from the street car, they climbed into a waiting auto and drove away. Jack could only guess their destination, but quickly made his plans. Leaving the street car at the town corner, Jack ran hastily down to the wharf. A dozen small boats lay there, and Jack chartered the nearest one—a row-boat, and seizing the oars, pulled away for the opposite shore—a long narrow neck of land whose inner end touched San Pedro. The short cut across gave him a possible advantage—he could only wait and see! Landing at Rolfe’s pier, Jack crept into the shadow of a hovel bordering the water, and waited.

In less than ten minutes Hademy's car ran into the little lane beyond, and Hademy himself knocked at the door of a poor shack not twenty paces away. Locating the place, definitely, Jack slipped into his boat.

The civic banquet held for the *Lincoln's* officers lasted until midnight, but Jack, feverishly waiting, did not delay his news longer than their arrival on the ship. It was daylight when the group of officers disbanded from the long, exciting discussion of Jack's story. Definitely, to the last detail, plans had been made for the capture of the conspirators. Government detectives shadowed Hademy and his companion-plotter all day; but it was Jack who, at the suggestion of the *Lincoln's* commander, played the chief role in their capture.

At dusk, when Hademy's companion entered the row-boat hired the night before, Jack, in alien garb, and mumbling the really fine Japanese lingo he had picked up from the ship's cook, rowed him, and his mysterious package, out to the battleship.

It was almost too easy, as Jack said; for there was Hademy in his own launch, skimming here and there with his pleasure party, among whom was Afton—Jack noted—with the man cleverly calling attention to the little boat rowed by Jack's hands.

All this did not keep Jack's wary eye from a strict watch on his own companion—and the deadly package hidden in the rear of the boat. When the man, as the dusk grew, stooped to lift this into the sea, it was Jack's oar which felled him, and Jack's hand which held him while a boat-load of the *Lincoln's* sailors shot from behind the battleship and took it all in tow. It was a little harder with Hademy, who tried to escape by leaping into the sea; but then this separated him happily from his own launch-party, thus sparing them more unpleasant things.

The following official investigation was conducted behind closed doors, and at its end Hademy and his co-conspirator were sentenced to the penitentiary. Five days later, Jack was summoned into the presence of the *Lincoln's* commander and presented with a lieutenancy, a medal, and a telegraphic dispatch of praise from the United States government.

It was all fine—and Jack was appropriately grateful—but his joy would have been fuller had dear, missing ones been present to rejoice with him at this unexpected turn in his fortune. There was, however, to be compensation. It was a message from Afton asking him to spend the evening at her home. "As an old school-mate I have a right to celebrate your triumph," it read, and Jack found waiting him there a score of the old friends—who left nothing undone to show him their pride in his achievement.

There were other evenings at Afton's after that, for Jack had a leave of absence, and Afton's manner left him no doubt of her genuine pleasure in his presence. Then, one evening they drifted

into the subject nearest Jack's heart, and later Afton told him of her joy at the ending of her affair with Hademy.

"There has always been a strange dread mingled with my sense of his attraction," she confessed. "A hundred times I have thought I would end it all; but he seemed to possess some compelling power which kept me silent. It was felt by others, too, so that I cannot blame myself, wholly. All through it you have been a perpetual memory—one which helped to keep me restless under my pledge to him."

Then Jack told her his past home-coming plans—so quickly shattered at news of her engagement. "I have really no right to be talking this all to you, even now," he said. "My promotion means, I suppose, that I shall have to keep on with my present life, and that means almost constant separation."

"Even that need not be forever," said Afton, "and besides, I have felt always that whatever you really wish will come your way. You have never slighted a chance that came to you—and to that kind of a soul all good things come at last."

Her words proved prophecy. The next day he met Lindley, who had been spending his furlough in his native, inland town.

"You're the man I came to the Beach to see," said Ned. "I want to make you a proposition. I'm going to resign from the navy. I'm going to be married, and I'm going to orange-farming—and I want you to help me out by following suit—at least with the first and last, if not with the middle proposition. Father has promised me a mammoth orange-tract on condition I work it myself. Now, I'm willing to live on it and boss it, but you know how shy I am on practical matters pertaining to land industries. You are used to the orange business from your babyhood up—and you're just the man to take charge of the whole concern. I'll give you a third interest in it, besides your salary—for your work."

Jack gasped. Fortune could have brought no dearer thing just now than this!

"I know you've been promoted into the titled navy list," went on Ned, "but I know, too, from our 'heart to heart' talks on the long, last voyage, just how you want to 'cut' the sea. You've got a good excuse now, unless the gold fringe tempts you more than my scheme."

"I'm ready to join you on all three of your proposed plans," exclaimed Jack, "the central one included."

Ned stared a moment and then shook hands. "I can guess the girl," he said, "and there's only one other in the land that can beat her."

"It's going to take courage to tell the Commander, just now," said Jack.

"He won't look at it in your light at all," reassured Ned.

"You'll be a double hero—noble renunciation of glory—and all that."

"I hope it will look that way," laughed Jack.

"When do the wedding bells ring?" insisted Ned.

Jack stared. "I haven't dared to think of anything like that yet."

"Mine chime at the merry Christmas-tide," laughed Ned. "Why not make it a double affair?"

Jack gasped again. "That's only six months away!"

"Just time for the bride's trossseau—and your own polite escape from proffered naval honors," prodded Ned.

And Christmas it was! Holly, mistletoe and evergreen, brought from near mountains, mingled with orangeblossoms and roses plucked from garden trees, decked the rooms where Jack and Afton stood to receive the wedding wishes for their new life. Chief among the gifts was the handsome silver service bearing the outline of the *Lincoln*, sent as a token of goodwill from his past naval companions.

"That will be dearer to me than anything," said Afton, "as an emblem of two splendid rescues—the *Lincoln's* and my own."

"To me it stands for the first real Christmas I've had in years," said Jack, "and for the most blessed Christmas gift that ever fell to man."

God's Serving Angels

'Tis written that the serving angels stand
Beside God's throne, ten myriads on each hand,
Waiting, with eager hearts and watchful eyes,
To do their Master's heavenly embassies.
Quicker than thought his high commands they read,
Swifter than light to execute them speed,
Bearing the word of power from star to star—
Some hither and some thither, near and far.
And unto these naught is too high or low,
Too mean or mighty, if He will it so;
Neither is any creature, great or small,
Beyond his pity, which embraceth all,
Because his eye beholdeth all which are,
Sees without search, and cometh without care:
Nor any ocean rolls so vast that he
Forgets one wave of all that restless sea.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

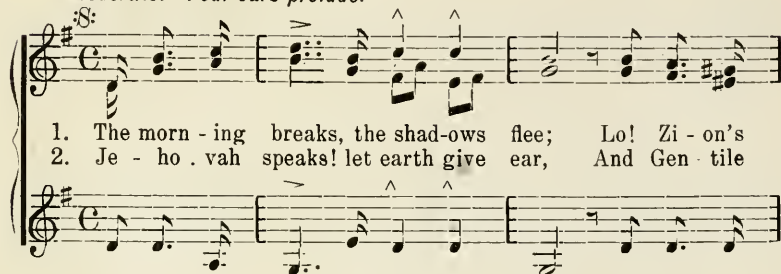
The Morning Breaks

(This selection is for the Junior Boys' Choruses, to be sung by contestants, at the final M. I. A. contest, June, 1914.)

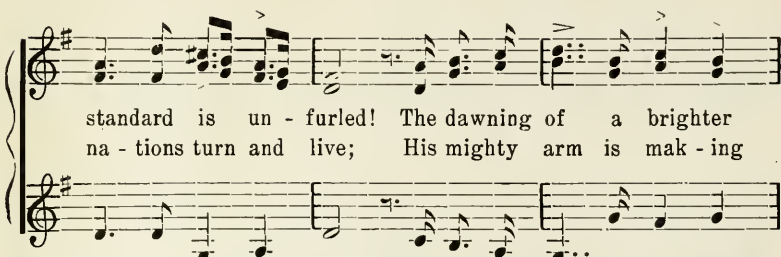
PARLEY P. PRATT

EVAN STEPHENS

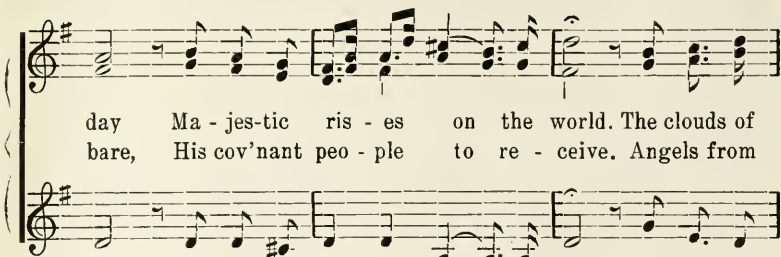
Moderato. Four bars prelude.



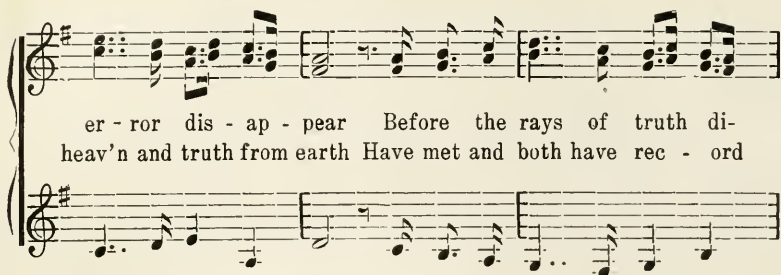
1. The morn - ing breaks, the shad-ows flee; Lo! Zi - on's
2. Je - ho - vah speaks! let earth give ear, And Gen - tile



standard is un - furled! The dawning of a brighter
na - tions turn and live; His mighty arm is mak - ing



day Ma - jes-tic ris - es on the world. The clouds of
bare, His cov'nant peo - ple to re - ceive. Angels from



er - ror dis - ap - pear Before the rays of truth di-
heav'n and truth from earth Have met and both have rec - ord

vine; The glo-ry bursting from a - far, Wide o'er the
borne; Thus Zi-on's light is burst-ing forth, To cheer her

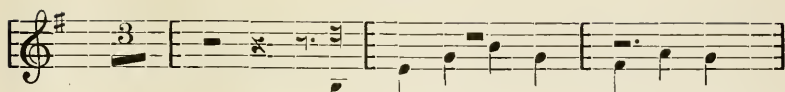
Ritard. *a tempo*

na - tions soon will shine. The morning breaks, the shadows
children's glad re - turn.

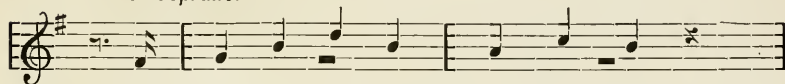
flee; Lo! Zion's standard is un - furled! The dawning

Ritard, *f* *Fine.*

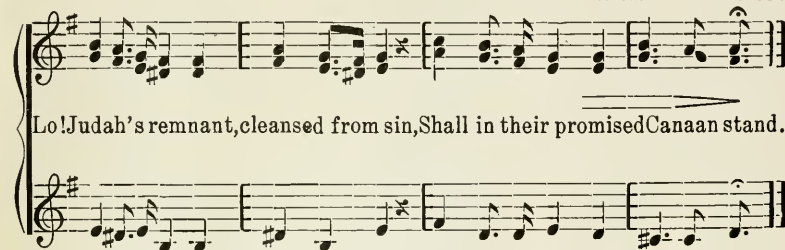
of a brighter day, Ma-jes-tic ris - es on the world.

A little slower. 2nd Soprano.

The gen-tile fulness now comes in,

1st Soprano.

And Is - rael's blessings are at hand,

*Ritard.**D.S.*

Lo! Judah's remnant, cleansed from sin, Shall in their promised Canaan stand.

NOTE—Full sheet copy, with piano or organ accompaniment, should be procured for the accompanist; regular price 40 cents. Author will send to M. I. A. at reduced price of 25 cents per copy. Address, E. Stephens, corner 12th South and State Sts., Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Christmas Thought

He came a guest, yet no one bade him stay,
 E'en though with him came love-gifts for us all;
 No room for him, a stranger in their hall.
 They thrust him out, nor cared what might befall,
 For whom they wail in sackcloth till this day.

Men's hearts are touched with thoughts of Bethlehem,
 Where love-songs floated down the heavenly way;
 And heaven lay close to earth, on that glad day,
 When Christ was born with a right to reign away
 As Prince and King o'er all the world of men.

LYDIA D. ALDER.

Discoveries on the Colorado

BY JOSEPH F. ANDERSON, OF THE UTAH ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION, 1913, FORMERLY PRINCIPAL OF THE MONROE HIGH SCHOOL

II—The Homes, and Social and Religious Customs of the Cliff Dwellers.

The land of the Cliff Dwellers seems to have been the northern frontier of a civilization, distinguished by permanent dwellings, and which extended northward from South America, reaching a marvelous climax in Central America. Mexico follows, with an almost equal culture; and the Cliff Dwellers and Pueblos with varying stages of a somewhat lesser culture.

The ruins of Mexico and Central America show evidence of peoples who were masters in architectural skill, and whose sculptural productions may favorably be compared with those of ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia. Were their palaces and temples intact today, they would easily be classed among the monumental works of the world. They were people who had a calendar, and measured time as the ancients in the Old World did. They have left evidences that they had a written language and a system of theology.

The ruins of the homes of the Pueblos and Cliff Dwellers extend over large sections of Arizona, New Mexico, southwestern Colorado, southern Utah, and even into California and Nevada. The Pueblos are the community-houses out in the open—on the mesas and in the valleys. The Cliff Dwellings are the groups of houses built in the cliffs. The latter are the better preserved, having in most cases been protected by overhanging cliffs and ledges. It is to these that the Utah expedition has chiefly devoted its attention.

Just why the Cliff Dwellers built their houses so high up on the cliff walls, under the sheltering rim-rocks, has been a much-mooted question. By some it is held that the motive was defensive against the ravages of warlike and blood-thirsty enemies of a meaner culture, and of a nomadic life. This theory is sustained by the fact that, in most cases, strategic situations overlooking abysmal canyons, or the secluded recesses of high-walled caves in an almost inaccessible country, were chosen for their homes. Usually a precipitous climb of several hundred feet up the sheer cliff would confront the invader and make it possible for the defenders to dislodge him with a stone or an arrow, before he could complete his laborious ascent. Cliff houses have been

found with holes in the walls, resembling loopholes, through which missiles could be discharged. Here and there are rows of thick slabs of stone, set on edge, a few feet outside the line of dwellings, as if used as defensive palisades. Buried in the debris of some of the ruins have been found skeletons of men who seem to have met violent death, from the fact that their skulls are indented as if by a battle ax.

The theory that the cliff dwellings were not thus peculiarly situated for purposes of defense is supported by the fact that few of the ruins show signs of combat. The weapons found are numerous and varied,

but may have been used chiefly in hunting—the small arrows for shooting small game, and the large arrows and spears for bringing down the wild mountain sheep and goats, deer and antelope, and perhaps the buffalo. Bears, lions, wolves and other animals of the fiercer type were also victims of the prehistoric hunter's aim.

These home-loving people had the gregarious instinct strongly developed. Their houses in the cliffs were built on the apartment house plan, often containing enough rooms for a fair-sized village. The *Kitsil* (broken pottery) cliff house in

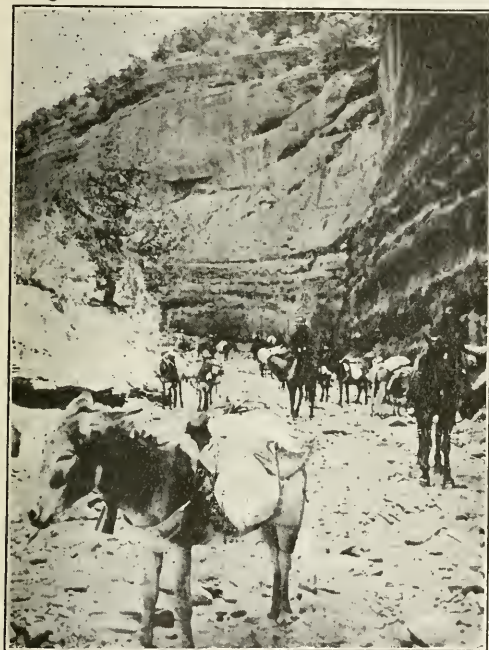


Photo by I. Brooks, Utah Arch. Expd.

THE UTAH ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION
EXPLORING THE LAND OF THE
CLIFF DWELLERS

Sagi-ot-Sosi Canyon, Arizona, is a community house of 148 rooms. Another in Twin Cave Cove, of *Dogoshie-Boko* (Grease-wood Canyon) contains over one hundred rooms, eighty-two of which were completely excavated by the Utah expedition. The Bat Woman house, also excavated by the Utah expedition, is a smaller group of forty-eight rooms. Other houses contain still fewer rooms, but everywhere there is evidence of close community life. Each group had its granaries and storehouses, and



Photo by Harper, Utah Arch. Expd.
LIVING ROOMS OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS, SHOWING STRUCTURES TWO
AND THREE STORIES HIGH

a common ceremonial chamber or chapel. The respective family groups had each its living room, which was at once the kitchen, dining room, parlor and bedroom. The large number of cliff dwellings found in the country already explored indicates that the population of the vanished people must have been numerous, as well as extensive. The broad areas of rough, broken country, still unexplored, undoubtedly holds many new wonders which will, in time, be found by the persistent archæologist. In this work, the University of Utah, through Dean Byron Cummings, is just now taking the lead. Many of the most important discoveries of the last ten years have been made by the Dean. Besides discovering some of the largest and most unique cliff dwellings known, he has the distinction of being the explorer and discoverer of some important natural wonders, among which is *Nonnezoshie* (great arch), by all odds the largest natural bridge in the world.

The Cliff Dweller was first of all a farmer, and a good one. But he did not live on his farm. In many cases his cliff home is far removed from any arable tract. All the products of the farm—in fact everything he used—had to be laboriously carried up the steep ascent to his home. His wood, his meat, his water, and even much of the material from which he built his house, had to be fastened to his back and thus carried, in many cases, sev-

eral hundred feet up sheer cliffs. Often it was necessary to climb, hand and foot, up perpendicular rock surfaces. For this purpose he had chipped out hand and foot holes in the rock. These niches, though much weathered, are still of great service to the modern explorer, who does well to make the ascent with no load at all on his back. Not all of the cliff dwellings, however, are so extremely difficult to reach, while a few are so elevated and nearly inaccessible as to require the use of long ropes, and sometimes ladders made of the tallest pine trees, to reach them.

These ancient folk built strong houses of stone masonry and, less commonly, of adobe or of lattice work, plastered with clay. The apartments seem to have been laid out according to carefully-made plans, with a view to economy of space and easy communication from one room to another. Looked at from a distance, the typical cliff house gives the appearance of an impregnable fortress, with its walls of solid masonry presenting a firm and imposing front. The front walls are built near the rim of the cave platform, which is curved to the general form of the amphitheatre, the noble arch which shelters the cliff-palace often rising to an overhanging height of several hundred feet. These are, of course, natural recesses, but they appear as if some titanic hand had hewn them out. The walls of masonry are built of hewn stone, and we marvel that a people with only tools made of wood and stone could accomplish such work.

The rooms of a typical dwelling may be divided into four classes according to their uses: the towers, the store rooms, the living rooms, and the kivas, or ceremonial chambers. The houses are rarely more than three stories high and usually but one. The store rooms and kivas are always on the ground floor. There is no regular entrance to the rooms; it may be through a side wall, through a roof, or even through the ceilings of rooms, leading from one story to another by means of ladders. The entrance to the kivas is always through the roof by means of a ladder.

The Cliff Dwellers "lived" in the living room. These rooms are the most numerous in any cliff dwelling. In a dwelling of one hundred fifty rooms, probably one hundred would be living rooms. If we suppose that a family of an average of six members occupied each of these rooms, we should have a total population of six hundred in one large cliff dwelling, which would constitute a fair sized village community.

In such a dwelling would be found one or more kivas. The kiva seems to have been the room where the religious rites and ceremonies were performed. The Hopi Indians now living in Arizona use similar kivas for those purposes. It was their church and council chamber. The whole life of the family seems to have centered about the kiva. It was the sacred place which seemed to unite the clan and solidify the community life. If

analogous to the Hopi kiva, it was here that the sacred rites of birth were performed.

The kiva is circular, and usually sunk a few feet below the level of the surface. The floor is smooth and the walls are well plastered and often covered with inscriptions. The striking features of the kiva are the *sipapu*, the fire-pot, the fire-screen and the sacred flue, resembling a smoke-stack, through which, according to the Hopi belief, the new-born spirit emerges into the outer world. The *sipapu* is a small hole, six or eight inches deep, in the middle of the floor. Excepting the uncertain Hopi analogy, the whole purpose and significance of the kiva of the Cliff



Photo by Ryneanson, Utah Arch. Expd.

A KIVA OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS, SHOWING ENTRANCE BY MEANS OF LADDER

Dwellers is shrouded in mystery, but everything seems to indicate a deeply sacred significance, as if it were a "Holy of Holies."

The living rooms may be distinguished from the store rooms, first of all, by their smoky walls; for chimneys were unknown, and the only escape for smoke was through doors and windows, or holes in the roof. The walls are usually smoothly plastered. Some walls show several successive plasterings, one over the other, indicated by the alternate layers of soot and plaster in cross section. The living rooms are also provided with smooth cement floors, strewn with rushes and corn husks, upon which the ancient farmer slept and lounged, with his family huddled about him.

Other features of the living rooms are the ever-present fire-

pots and mealing bins, or *matatas*. The fire-pot is a rock-lined hole six or eight inches deep, sunken in the floor; sometimes, in the middle of the floor, often in a corner, but most frequently near the front side wall. These fire-pots were evidently used for warming the room in winter, since the cooking seems to have been done in the courtyards. The *matatas* and *mano* stones always found in living rooms show that each family had its own grist mill. The grinding of the meal was accomplished by crushing the corn and other seeds between the *mano* and the slanting rock bottom of the *matata* (mealing bin). This was done by grasping the *mano* stone in the hands and rubbing it on the grain in the *matata*.

The meal was made into small rolls and baked, probably on heated rocks. The Utah expedition found several good samples of these ancient bread rolls. Its centuries of age and the uncer-

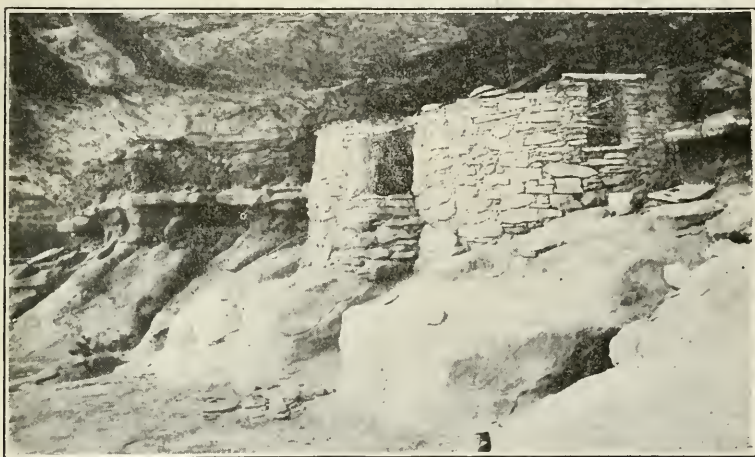


Photo by Ryneanson, Utah Arch. Expt.

STORAGE ROOMS IN WHICH CLIFF DWELLERS STOR'D FOOD SUPPLIES

tainty of its culinary purity prevented this prehistoric "Johnnie-cake" from appealing strongly to the appetites of the Utah explorers. Often a large *olla* (storage jar) is found buried beneath the floor of the living room. One of these, found by Professor Cummings, in the Bat Woman cliff dwelling, contained more than a bushel of shelled corn mixed with beans and squash seed, with a few large ears of corn on the cob, in the top of the vessel. All was very well preserved.

The store rooms seem to have been built with a view to protection of the contents from rats, mice, and any kind of vermin. The floors are often of the solid cliff rock; the walls of tight



Photo by Harper, Utah Arch. Expd.

HIEROGLYPHICS OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS

masonry, and the openings fitted closely with doors made of slabs of stone. In these rooms the ancient American stored his winter supply of foods.

The towers were built round and to a considerable height. They seem to be watch towers from the top of which prehistoric minute-men may have kept watch, guarding the community against sudden attack.

In several cliff dwellings, the Utah expedition found rooms that seemed to have been artists' studios. Paint brushes, painting combs, pigments, bowls containing vari-colored paints—all bespoke the "den" of the primitive artist.

In rare cases, rooms have been devoted to burials of persons of unusual rank. In such cases the whole room is usually devoted to a single burial. The body is carefully embalmed and wrapped with numerous layers of robing, matting and wicker-work. Such a potentate frequently has a wealth of personal belongings buried with him. A room, containing a mummied dignitary, found last summer by the Utah expedition, was almost completely filled with the dead man's property, consisting of ornaments of rare stones, mats or shields, basket-ware, pottery; numerous manufacturing and agricultural tools and implements; stone images of animals; quantities of corn, beans, squash seeds, grass seeds; materials for kindling fire, and a great variety of miscellaneous articles.

Ordinarily the dead were buried in refuse heaps, near the dwellings, or in sand mounds, in the canyons below. The custom of burying the personal property of the deceased with him seems to have been general.

The bodies thus far found indicate that the Cliff Dwellers were of small stature, with black hair. The skulls are well shaped with the occipital bones somewhat flattened, probably artificially. The lower jawbones are heavy, and both jaws fitted with good, strong teeth. The houses also indicate a race undersized. The rooms are small, with roof timbers rarely more than six feet above the floor. Almost invariably the doorways are too small to readily admit a large body.

That these vanished people occupied a high place in the scale of civilization of their time is everywhere evidenced. Their architecture, their textile fabrics, their manufactured wares—all the products of their handicraft, teach us lessons of industry and perseverance. Their political, social and religious life far transcends that of any of the modern native races. But there is still much that is unknown concerning the rise and fall of the Cliff Dwellers.

(The next article of this series will deal with the arts and industries of the Cliff Dwellers.)



T. Henry Moray, writing from Gefle, Sweden, June 6: "We have six branches here in the Sundsvall Conference, the land where we have twenty-four hours of daylight, at this time of year. In most of the branches we have Sunday School, M. I. A. and Relief Society organizations. The elders and Saints enjoy the work very much. Our prospects are bright for new members of the Church. Elders left to right, back row: J. A. Schelin, T. H. Moray, P. G. Fernelius, W. E. Malmstrom, A. C. Sanders, Gustave Anderson, C. W. Johnson; sitting: J. H. Holmquist, Conference President, Mathias Erickson, E. W. Olson, Mission President A. Theo. Johnson, C. A. Monson."

Editors' Table

Greeting from the First Presidency

At the approach of another holiday season, and the close of another year, we greet and congratulate the quorums of the priesthood, with the missionaries and the various auxiliary societies, particularly the Mutual Improvement Associations, the Church Schools, and all the officers and members of the Church, not forgetting the readers of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, on the progress made, and the good feeling prevailing.

It is with thankful hearts and praises to our Heavenly Father, that we contemplate the growth of the Church during the past year. It has been highly satisfactory, both spiritually and temporally, both at home and abroad. In the various stakes and wards, the people have been diligent in building houses of worship, and there is a perceptible advancement in every department of our work. The officers in charge have fulfilled their mission of love in a manner gratifying to the presiding authorities, and, we believe, acceptable to the Lord. In season and out of season, they have worked with the old and the young to better the religious, physical and moral condition of the people. The Lord has blessed and prospered them, not only in spiritual things, but in temporal matters as well.

MISSION WORK.

In the foreign mission fields, a force of nearly two thousand elders have labored diligently, during the year, to fulfil the great and important duty resting upon the Latter-day Saints—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." They have thoroughly realized that God has given us the gospel of Jesus Christ in its purity, and that we owe it to our fellow-men to make known the glorious message to mankind. They have gone out willingly and with a determination to perform this duty. Some ministers declare that we do not send our missionaries to the Pagans. We are not yet a very numerous people, and have not the means to pay missionaries, as most sectarian societies do, even if that were the better way. Our elders depend upon the Lord and not upon the dollar, and so they go to the world believing in and depending upon God, and his Son Jesus, the Redeemer. But they do not preach to the Christian nations alone; they are also to be found among the Pagans, though we have not yet as many among them as we hope to have, for this gospel is unto every creature. A

number of our missionaries are working in Japan. There is a branch of the Church in Hindustan, with a few Saints. We have also Saints in Syria, among the Mohammedans, and the work will doubtless further spread and grow. During the year, in England and Scandinavia, our elders have found considerable opposition, owing to a misapprehension of the nature of our work, but it has not hindered its progress. Where denied the use of halls to hold meetings in, we have built chapels and meetinghouses of our own, and we hope there will be a broad and Christian spirit sufficient to enable us to occupy them in peace. We invite all people to come and worship with us, and hear the message we have to bear to the world. In the South Sea Islands, also, among the Maoris and the Samoans, we have established schools for the people, in which are taught the common branches of education, and the doctrines of the Church. For the natives, in New Zealand, we have a high school where not only the gospel is taught, but also the general principles of education, and training in practical things, including manual labor, husbandry, and agriculture. This school has already achieved notable success. We rejoice in the work that is being done, and approve the zealous labors the elders are performing. The presidents of the twenty-one different missions are men of God, and they are commended for their untiring labors in conducting the missions, training the elders, and promulgating the gospel of Jesus Christ.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

The General Priesthood committee has provided and will continue to supply the priesthood quorums throughout the Church with the necessary text-books for the study of the gospel, and for familiarizing them with their duties in priesthood and quorum capacity. Commendable efforts are being made to unite the quorums in fraternal strength and love. The growth of the quorum activities during the last five years is a cause for gratitude. The practical work performed, and the educational information disseminated by them, have tended greatly to the building up of Zion, and to the edification of her people. Efforts are being made to enroll all members of the priesthood in the various quorums to which they belong. This work should be zealously encouraged.

There is a praiseworthy advancement among the Priests of the Church. At present, in five hundred wards in the Church, there are priests' quorums, or classes, each presided over by a bishop, and arrangements are making for an organization of such a quorum or class in every ward of the Church. The bishops are gathering the young brethren around them, and taking a fatherly interest in their welfare, thus teaching the young men the commandments of the Lord and their daily duties, by precept and

example. Another very important activity in the priesthood work is ward teaching. This work, in many places, has been seriously neglected, and we are delighted to learn that the spirit of teaching has been awakened generally. An effort is being made in many of the stakes of Zion to have all the families of the Church visited regularly every month by teachers, and all the officers are being enlisted in this very commendable work, which is worthy of the best efforts of our brightest men. Not only the priests, teachers, but elders, high priests, and seventies, should be encouraged to do their part in this great labor. We trust that in addition to the consideration of the studies provided for the coming year, the practical work of the priesthood will not be neglected. It is necessary that every officer shall magnify his calling, and that the teachers visit the people in their homes, to teach them the word of God. The authorities throughout the Church should come close to the members, and particularly to the youth, to lead them in light and truth in spiritual affairs, and to that conduct in temporal and social affairs that should characterize Latter-day Saints.

MOVEMENTS IN THE M. I. A.

In the Mutual Improvement Associations of the young men and the young ladies, praiseworthy activity has been shown in the past year. There appears to be a new awakening among the young people, and the officers of these organizations are certainly to be congratulated upon the interest they have aroused. The boys are sought after, and new methods have been adopted to interest them in the work of the Lord, and in all that pertains to good citizenship in Church and state. The processes by which this is being accomplished are presented in detail from time to time by the officers, throughout the stakes and wards, who are instructed by the general board concerning this important work. The Y. M. M. I. A. offers splendid opportunity in class study, debating, musical exercises, oratory and public speaking, storytelling, scout organizations and athletic exercises, dramatic and literary entertainments, and dancing, all of which are presented with a view to winning and uplifting the boys. A force of some 3,500 officers, young men, devote some of their spare time and efforts in teaching the youth in these activities. We express our gratitude and thanks to them. This home work has its reward as great as the reward that comes to those who go out into the world to preach the gospel. In fact, there is a quicker and more satisfactory return for the labor expended with our own boys, our own flesh and blood, in holding them in the line of duty, and interesting them in their own development and welfare, than in any other work that a missionary can engage in. We trust that this will soon become a sphere for greater effort than at present,

a field where our college graduates, educators, and men of special talent in the various activities of the associations may take part in the blessing and advancement of the young men of Zion. The age of eligibility for membership in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations has recently been changed from 14 years up, to 12. It has been found difficult to enlist the interest of the boys from 12 to 14 in the Primary Associations, owing to ordinations to the priesthood at the age of 12, and also to the fact that they are admitted into the M. I. A. Scout organization at that age. Therefore, it has been thought wise to include these boys in the regular ranks of the Y. M. M. I. A. The necessary outlines for their class exercises, and for their entertainment in the various activities, will be provided by the general board.

In the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, commendable work is being done in every line which they have undertaken, and their officers, from the general board to the active teachers in the classes throughout the Church, are to be praised for their diligence in teaching the young ladies, not only the principles of the gospel, and social and literary knowledge, but for training them in practical work in sewing and domestic science. What is said in praise of the officers of these organizations may with equal emphasis be said of those of the great Sunday School Union, the Primaries, the Religion Class, and the Relief Society.

THE CHURCH SCHOOLS.

Supplementing the labors of these organizations, or perhaps standing at their head, for the more favored students, are the Church schools. The people are urged to patronize them. They are organized to teach the principles of the gospel, as well as to impart a thorough general education. A great amount of good is thus being accomplished, which is making itself felt among the youth throughout the Church. Students of these schools are a wonderful help to the auxiliary associations as teachers, and are aiding all the organizations of the Church by their superior ability. Others who are not so engaged, should be induced to assist in this work, for men and women willing and able to instruct the youth in the very best methods of learning, and the right ways of living, are needed, and they will in nowise lose their reward.

Taking a broad view of the situation of the Latter-day Saints in general, we see everything to encourage us, and our gratitude goes out to our Father in heaven for the many blessings, of every kind, he has granted unto the Saints. We believe that most of them appreciate these favors, and their gratitude will doubtless be manifested in their obedience and devotion, and in their active support of the Church, and of all these organizations and activities.

With earnest wishes for the continued welfare and happiness of Israel, and of those who love the truth, and wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, we remain,

Your brethren,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,

ANTHON H. LUND,

CHARLES W. PENROSE,

First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints.

A Greeting to the Missionaries

Beloved Brethren: One of the distinguishing features of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is its missionary system. In proportion to numbers, no other church or sect in the world today approaches ours in the extent and scope of its missionary service, nor in the sense of importance with which that labor is regarded by the members in general.

To you who have left home and dear ones; to you who have relinquished, for a period, your material affairs; to you who have promptly and willingly responded to the call to go forth into the world as duly accredited preachers and teachers of the Gospel of Christ, without hope of pecuniary or other reward in things of earth—I write this brief greeting as one who loves you for the sacrifice you have made, for the zeal and integrity you exhibit, and for the splendid results accruing through your unselfish devotion. I write as one called and ordained to life-service in the same ministry in which you labor.

One of the many good gifts with which our Father requites the labors of his faithful children is the blessed boon of happiness. I know of none more truly happy than the active missionary, upon whom rests in full measure the spirit of his Divine commission. To him, no duty, no requirement, no phase of his labor is irksome or unwelcome. I commend to you for study and practice a lesson which I doubt not you have already learned in part through demonstration and test in the laboratory of experience, but which I would have you master thoroughly—the lesson that tells of the vital distinction between *pleasure* and *happiness*.

The present is an age of pleasure-seeking, and men are losing their sanity in the mad rush for sensations that do but excite and disappoint. In this day of counterfeits, adulterations, and base imitations, the devil is busier than he has ever been in the course of human history, in the manufacture of pleasures, both old and new; and these he offers for sale in most attractive fashion, falsely labeled, "*Happiness*." In this soul-destroying

craft he is without a peer ; he has had centuries of experience and practice, and by his skill he controls the market. He has learned the tricks of the trade, and knows well how to catch the eye and arouse the desire of his customers. He puts up the stuff in bright-colored packages, tied with tinsel string and tassel ; and crowds flock to his bargain counters, hustling and crushing one another in their frenzy to buy.

Follow one of the purchasers as he goes off gloatingly with his gaudy packet, and watch him as he opens it. What finds he inside the gilded wrapping ? He had expected fragrant happiness, but uncovers only an inferior brand of pleasure, the stench of which is nauseating.

Happiness includes all that is really desirable and of true worth in pleasure, and much beside. Happiness is genuine gold, pleasure but gilded brass, which corrodes in the hand, and is soon converted into poisonous verdigris. Happiness is as the genuine diamond, which, rough or polished, shines with its own inimitable luster ; pleasure is as the paste imitation that glows only when artificially embellished. Happiness is as the ruby, red as the heart's blood, hard and enduring ; pleasure, as stained glass, soft, brittle, and of but transitory beauty.

Happiness is true food, wholesome, nutritious and sweet ; it builds up the body and generates energy for action, physical, mental and spiritual ; pleasure is but a deceiving stimulant which, like spirituous drink, makes one think he is strong when in reality enfeebled ; makes him fancy he is well when in fact stricken with deadly malady.

Happiness leaves no bad after-taste, it is followed by no depressing reaction ; it calls for no repentance, brings no regret, entails no remorse ; pleasure too often makes necessary repentance, contrition, and suffering ; and, if indulged to the extreme, it brings degradation and destruction.

True happiness is lived over and over again in memory, always with a renewal of the original good ; a moment of unholy pleasure may leave a barbed sting, which, like a thorn in the flesh, is an ever-present source of anguish.

Happiness is not akin with levity, nor is it one with light-minded mirth. It springs from the deeper fountains of the soul, and is not infrequently accompanied by tears. Have you never been so happy that you have had to weep ? I have.

Recently, I witnessed an instance of tearful happiness, and I shall not soon forget the experience. I had been engaged with my brethren in setting apart missionaries, who were about to leave for their several fields of labor. We had laid our hands upon their heads, one by one, and had invoked Divine blessing upon them and their work. You know the solemn procedure, for each of you has been so blessed and set apart. After the missionary

assembly had closed—there in the Annex to the House of the Lord—my attention was attracted to a woman, one who had long passed the noon-tide of her life, standing with her arms about the neck of her manly son; her head rested upon his shoulder, and she was sobbing with strong emotion. He stood tenderly supporting her with his strong right arm, while his tears fell upon her whitening hair. I ventured to approach; and she, becoming aware of my presence, looked into my face through the mist of tears, and smilingly said, "He is my boy, you see; my only son; and he is going far away, across the great ocean." I asked, "Don't you want him to go?" "Want, him to go?" she repeated, with beaming countenance; "oh, yes! yes! I am so thankful to have a son worthy to go out into the world as a missionary of the gospel, that I can't help crying, you know." Then, after a pause which to me was profoundly affecting, she added, "His father filled an honorable mission, and has since died; now our son goes to continue his father's good work, thank God!" And the thought of it all filled that widowed heart with such over-powering happiness that she could but weep and sob.

And now, let me tell you of another scene which I witnessed soon after the incident just described. Again I saw a loving mother with her arms about the neck of her son. She, too, was shaken with sobs, and the flood-gates of his tears were open. To my look of inquiry she replied with an explanation: "He is my son, and has just returned from his mission after nearly three year's absence. Oh, I am so happy, I just have to cry." The glad father, who stood by, wept in unison with his wife and son. The young man soon suppressed his emotion and answered my questions with proud humility and soulful gratitude in his face. His record in the mission field was good; his release was an honorable one. And as I looked upon the reunited family, I said in my heart—this is happiness, indeed; while, through the inner chambers of my soul, there echoed a holy refrain, "Well done, good and faithful servant; happiness is thy reward."

Beloved brethren, may happiness be your portion, and success in the saving of souls your eternal glory.

JAMES E. TALMAGE.

Why Pay Tithing?

BECAUSE IT IS A LAW OF GOD

The Lord revealed the law to Abraham and Jacob, emphasized it to Israel through Malachi, and reiterated it during the personal ministry of our Savior. The law has been restored to

us in a very emphatic revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith. The Lord has said to his Church in this dispensation:

Verily, thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to be put into the hands of the bishop of my church of Zion,

For the building of mine house, and for the laying of the foundation of Zion and for the Priesthood, and for the debts of the Presidency of my church;

And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of my people;

And after that, those who have thus been tithed, shall pay one-tenth of all their interest annually; and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for my holy priesthood, saith the Lord.

Verily I say unto you, it shall come to pass, that all those who gather unto the land of Zion shall be tithed of their surplus properties, and shall observe this law, or they shall not be found worthy to abide among you.

And I say unto you, if my people observe not this law, to keep it holy, and by this law sanctify the land of Zion unto me, that my statutes and my judgments may be kept thereon, that it may be most holy, behold, verily I say unto you, it shall not be a land of Zion unto you;

And this shall be an ensample unto all the Stakes of Zion. Even so. Amen.

The word of the Lord is very plain. The law is clearly set forth. The blessings to be obtained for obedience are stated, and the penalties for disregarding it are made known.

The gospel of Jesus Christ teaches that the Lord does not command of his children things which they are not able to do. If we have faith in him, therefore, obedience to this law is imperative. Not one among us is too poor to observe the payment of tithing, and not one is rich enough to afford to neglect it. The poor need the temporal and spiritual blessings predicated upon obedience, and the rich are poor, indeed, if they are not in possession of the blessings of heaven, for "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

BECAUSE IT CALLS FORTH THE BLESSING OF HEAVEN

The Lord has said, speaking of this principle, "Prove me herewith." Those who have honestly obeyed the law, with pure motives, have learned by happy experience that his promises never fail. The blessings to be received are both temporal and spiritual. Among the temporal are these:

This shall be a land of Zion unto those who obey the law.

The devourer shall be rebuked, and the land blessed for their sakes.
 They shall enjoy their substance in contentment and peace.
 Their children shall not beg in the streets of Zion for bread.

The spiritual blessings, however, are the greatest. Tithe-payers shall receive blessings more than they can contain. Who among the Latter-day Saints has not seen this promise verily fulfilled? Go into the presence of one who is living the gospel, including the law of tithing, and you will observe that the Spirit of the Lord that fills his heart cannot be contained by him, but it flows forth to bless those with whom he associates.

BECAUSE IT INCREASES FAITH

Faith is the basis of spiritual power, and the very foundation of our hope of salvation. Without faith, which "is the moving cause of all action," there can be no salvation, and the degree of salvation that each one shall receive, will depend upon the measure of faith that he possesses. Any principle that will increase faith is, therefore, of great value.

A thoughtful American writer has said that the only faith that wears well, and holds its color in all weathers, is that which is woven into conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience. Jesus stated the striking truth that those who may know of the doctrine are those who *do* the will of the Father. The righteous, who shall finally live by that high, divine faith that Christ possesses, are those who, by keeping the divine commandments, have gone from faith to faith.

The blessings experienced by the tithepayer weave his faith into a conviction that will hold its color in all weathers. His faith will increase until he shall *know* of the doctrine, and knowing, he will be enabled to lay a foundation on which he can build until, finally, with the just in Christ, he will live by faith.

BECAUSE IT UNFOLDS OTHER ATTRIBUTES OF THE ETERNAL SPIRIT— THE EGO—THE REAL I AM

The salvation vouchsafed to him who obeys the gospel, a necessary law of which is tithing, will fill the soul with high and exalted aspirations, and inspire him to climb to greather heights, both here and hereafter, than he would otherwise attain. The act of obeying these high impulses will call forward a high sense of moral courage and will compel him to despise cowardice in every form. He will become a defender of virtue and truth and honor.

Doubt will be vanquished, and in the storms of life, whether outward or inward, he will feel a calm assurance that his life has been in harmony with the Infinite as far as he was able to make it so, and therefore, "all is well."

Love—the greatest virtue—will be broadened and deepened. When one pays tithing he is contributing to humanity; for, after all, tithing is merely part of the material means necessary to teaching the gospel to the world. But when one does his share in the manner provided by the Lord, it leaves no room for selfishness or egotism. Too often men contribute their means to gratify selfish instincts—their vanity, avariciousness or pride. Such gifts have a tendency to impoverish, rather than enrich the soul. Tithing is paid in the spirit of not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth. And yet we are conscious that it will bless the world; and because we are thus serving the world, our love increases.

“The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.” Tithing is a free will offering, and is cheerfully paid. The act of meeting the obligation develops the quality that God loves.

The law of tithing may be made a potent factor in developing some of the nobler attributes of the soul, and a Christ-like soul is its own triumphant reward and blessing.

BECAUSE IT IS A GREAT PRIVILEGE TO HELP SUPPORT THE INSTITUTIONS OF THE CHURCH WITH A PART OF OUR MEANS

The power of the Church for good shall increase in the midst of the earth. Her light shall shine unto all the world. All nations will call her blessed, for because of her all nations shall be blessed.

The tithepayer demonstrates that he holds these things not merely as a passive belief, but as a proposition in which he has a living, active faith.

All institutions that have to do with material things need material support. The work of no great institution can be carried on without means. This is a proposition that will appeal to every thinking individual. In this great work of redemption, the Lord has not only granted us the privilege of giving this support, from a part of the means over which he has given us stewardship, but he has made it imperative that we take a part of the substance entrusted to us to carry on his work.

Many of the greatest spiritual blessings are dependent to a great extent on material things for their realization. In fact, all through the creations of our Father, the material and spiritual are closely associated. Take for example our temple work that is so full of spiritual blessings. It is necessary to have suitable buildings in which the sacred ordinances can be performed. Then, these buildings must be properly furnished, heated, lighted and cared for. The spiritual work done in our temples is of the greatest importance to the race, because it effects the redemption of the living and the dead. This work is made possible only because of the tithes of the people, and no man can place himself

in a position to receive all these blessings unless he meets this obligation towards the Lord.

In a similar manner, the stake and ward houses, in which the Sacrament is administered on the Sabbath, and so many other spiritual feasts enjoyed, must be maintained.

Our splendid schools, a system that does so much towards developing the nobler qualities—both mental and spiritual—of our boys and girls, must be housed in convenient buildings and be provided with competent instructors.

Even our great missionary work could not continue without means, and many other phases of the work, that are pregnant with spiritual blessings, that are destined to bless all mankind, would cease if the Saints were not loyal to this law of tithing. In all these important activities, that are doing their part in cleansing the world from sin, raising men and women to higher ideals, and redeeming the race, some material form of help is needed for their full fruition.

God, who is wise and just and filled with love, mercy and compassion towards all, has ordained the plan whereby the means may be provided in a just, equitable and proper manner. That plan, ordained by him, is described in the revelation on tithing.

Then, because the Lord has commanded it; because we have faith in him; because we wish this faith to increase; because we wish the other soul-attributes developed; because we wish to enjoy the blessings of heaven in temporal and spiritual matters; because we are jealous of the privilege granted us to support the institutions of the Church with a part of our means; because our good, common sense tells us that institutions dealing in spiritual things, need material support; because we want this to be a land of Zion unto us and our children forever; and because we believe with full faith in the power of the gospel to bless all mankind and ultimately redeem the race—both the living and the dead,—we should pay our tithing.

Messages from the Missions

Elder J. Leo Ellertson, Korangata, New Zealand, July 29: "Nothing but good can be said of the work being accomplished in the infant institution of learning established by the Church at Korangata, New Zealand. The casual observer can readily see that the Spirit of the Lord is directing the work. This is proved by the spirit of brotherly love that accompanies all that are connected with the institution. The native boys are highly elated over the privilege they enjoy of attending the college and often send letters home to their parents giving

such good reports that it inspires their parents to reply with letters of thanksgiving to Professor Johnson and his assistants for their labors. Already certain boys have expressed themselves as seeing life in a new light and a complete revolution has taken place in them. Instead of the wild, roving and restless spirit that permeates their souls on entering school, an altogether different attitude is gradually taking possession of them and comparatively speaking they have begun to place their ideals among the stars. They are making strenuous efforts to realize their new formed ambitions. Recently we had a case of supposed small-pox but which turned out to be nothing but a milder disease. The government thoroughly cleaned and fumigated the buildings and vaccinated all the students and teachers, free of the



GROUP OF KORANGATA SCHOOL CHILDREN

burden of expense. We therefore feel secure from that unwelcome disease, and while we are still quarantined yet joy and happiness reign in our midst. The small schools scattered throughout the north island for the purpose of teaching the younger children the fundamentals of an education and the gospel, are doing well and are instilling into the hearts of the children the fear of God and a desire to do good. I send herewith a group of children who attend school at Korangata near the college where I am teaching at present, also of three elders who have had the privilege of teaching in the graded schools and felt that it was one of the happiest positions they ever held. Two of them are now teaching in the college. We feel that the Spirit of the Lord is striving with the people of New Zealand, and that slowly and surely they are being made to realize the importance of the gospel message that we bear."

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Important Rulings: The Presiding Bishopric have made the following rulings on presidency, enrollment in ward classes, and quorum recommends, which all bishops, ward clerks, and class instructors should carefully notice:

1st—The bishopric of the ward, as presiding high priests, preside over all the priesthood classes of the ward, both Melchizedek and Aaronic, and all such classes should meet weekly under their direction. The classes should not be confused with the quorums of the Melchizedek priesthood.

2nd—The name of every member of the ward holding the priesthood should be entered on the priesthood index of the Ward Weekly Priesthood Roll and Minute Book, and on the class roll to which he should belong, regardless of the fact as to whether or not he has been admitted as a member of a regularly organized quorum of the Melchizedek priesthood. Exception may be made in the instance of large city wards whose boundaries comprise organized quorums of seventy or elders, who, while meeting weekly, perform the functions and duties of a quorum. In such cases it is the duty of the ward clerk to hand to the quorum secretary a slip containing the names of persons received in and removed from the ward. Proper steps should be taken by the quorum officers to enroll in the quorum those who have just arrived in the quorum district. Admission should be at the discretion of the officers and members of the quorum, in harmony with the instructions contained in paragraph 50 of the Circular of Instructions, No. 12.

3rd—The class rolls should be handed to the ward clerk after each meeting, so that additional names may be added and the removals indicated on the roll. Since the ward clerk usually issues the certificate of membership and also enters all recommends of persons received in the ward, he is the proper person to adjust the class rolls. This does not apply to quorum rolls.

4th—The enrollment of a person holding the priesthood, as a member of a priesthood class, does not entitle him to membership in the quorum to which that class belongs. In this respect we refer particularly to the quorums of high priests, seventies, and elders. He should present himself at the regular meeting of the quorum, and action should be taken upon his application for admittance to membership in accordance with the rules and regulations of that quorum, and as further explained in paragraph 50 referred to above.

5th—The class instructor and officers of the ward, including the ward teachers, should urge every person holding the priesthood to attend the ward weekly priesthood meetings, and special attention should be given to those who are indifferent and neglectful. Instructors for classes of the Melchizedek priesthood should be selected in accordance with paragraph 46 of the Circular of Instructions, No. 12.

Mutual Work

Changes in Y. M. M. I. A. Membership Age

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.:

Dear Brethren: Inasmuch as boys between 12 and 14 years of age have been declared eligible by the General Board to enroll as M. I. A. Scouts, it is announced by the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A., on suggestion of the First Presidency of the Church, that the boys of that age are also eligible to enroll as members of the Young Men's Improvement Associations, as they naturally become weaned away from the Primary Associations after being ordained to the Priesthood or enrolled as Scouts.

The officers will, therefore, take notice of this action, and see that the boys between 12 and 14 years of age shall hereafter be enrolled in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. Instructions relating to the studies of this special class of new members will be issued by the General Board.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
HEBER J. GRANT,
B. H. ROBERTS,

Nov. 8, 1913.

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

M. I. A. Contests

The Committee on Contests suggest the following subjects for re-told stories and orations in wards and stake associations. It is distinctly understood that these titles are merely suggestive, as showing the class of matter that should be selected for the M. I. A. contests. Other titles may be chosen by the contestants themselves to be approved by the officers of the M. I. A. in the various stakes of Zion. It should be remembered that one of the points for judgment in re-told stories is "selection," and in orations "the idea." The class of stories selected, and the idea in orations, will count largely with the judges. All interested are requested to consider carefully the points for judgment for stories and orations, contained in the convention program for 1913, in the Senior Manual, and also in the IMPROVEMENT ERA for September, 1913:

SUGGESTIVE LIST FOR RE-TOLD STORIES

- "The Courage of the Commonplace," Andrews, (small book).
- "The Boy from Missouri Valley," Elbert Hubbard, (small book).
- "The Fourth Physician," Pickett, (small book).
- "The Perfect Tribute," Andrews, (small book).
- "Where Love is, There God is Also," Tolstoy, (small book).
- "Vision of Sir Launfal," Lowell.
- "David Swan," from *Twice Told Tales*, Hawthorne.
- "In the Desert of Waiting," Annie Fellows Johnston, (small book).
- "The Great Stone Face," Hawthorne.
- "The Gift of the Wise man," O. Henry.
- "Why the Chimes Rang," Raymond M. Alden.
- "Revolt of Mother," Wilkins.
- "The Land of the Blue Flower," (small book).
- "The Other Wise Man," Van Dyke, (small book).
- "Michael," Wadsworth.
- "King Robert of Sicily," Longfellow.
- "The Man Without a Country," Hale, (small book).
- "Courage," Ivins, (Nov., 1913, ERA.)
- Stories of Joseph, Esther, Ruth, and David and Jonathan, from the Bible.
- "The Man with the Pitcher," (small book).

"End of the Song."

"Enoch Arden," Tennyson.

"The Birds' Christmas Carol," Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"A Message to Garcia," Elbert Hubbard.

"How the Lord was Good to Aunt Johanna," Nephi Anderson, (ERA, Vol. 13, page 107).

"The Diamond Necklace," Guy de Maupassant.

"A Pioneer Patriot," (*Young Woman's Journal*, Nov., 1905).

SUGGESTIVE LIST OF TOPICS FOR ORATIONS

Strength Lies in Struggle.	Loyalty to Truth.
Opportunity Makes and Unmakes.	Back to Nature.
The Love of Money, the Root of Evil.	The Bible.
Perfect Religion Based on Revelation from God.	The Sun.
True to the Faith.	The Rainbow.
Success Lies in Playing the Game Fairly.	Purity of Thought.
"There is a Divinity that Shapes Our Ends, Rough Hew Them How We May."	Our Government.
Faith in God the Greatest Anchorage.	The Fourth Commandment.
The Joy of Right Living.	Man's True Greatness.
Prove Thy Faith by Thy Works.	Idleness.
The Glory of God is Intelligence.	Evils of Extravagance.
Am I My Brother's Keeper?	Missionary Enterprise.
"Be Prepared."	The Lord's Prayer.
	"Let There be Light."
	The Peace Maker.
	Civic Pride.
	Friends.
	A True Son of Zion.
	A True Daughter of Zion.

Mixed Double Quartet for M. I. A. Contest

A—"It is the Lot of Friends to Part." Music by Dudley Buck; published by Oliver Ditson, Boston; price, 10c a copy. (To be sung without accompaniment.)

B—"Tell Me, Thou Pretty Bee." Music by D. Protheroe; published by Joseph Flanner, Milwaukee, Wis.; price, 15c a copy. (To be sung with accompaniment.)

The above named musical numbers are selected for the M. I. A. contest, the finals of which will be held next June in Salt Lake City. These selections have been made after going over several hundred musical numbers and consulting with some of the best musicians of the state. The selections are excellent, both from a practical and artistic point of view. The numbers are not so difficult but that all ward associations may enter, and still all find plenty to do, if the music is sung as the composers intended that it should be sung.

The songs may be purchased at the Daynes-Beebe Music Co., at the Consolidated Music Co., and at other music houses in Salt Lake City, or through your local music house, by sending full particulars and price as announced above.

Both numbers must be sung in the contest in the order given. In the "A" number, the prelude only will be played. In the "B" number, the accompaniment will be played throughout.

We trust that M. I. A. officers already have the mixed double quartets organized in their wards, under the direction of the M. I. A. choristers, and that they are singing in the different association meetings. The quartets should be to the association what the ward choir is to

the sacrament meeting—the “backbone” of good singing. The Junior choruses should be organized at once, and encouraged to sing before the association and other public meetings, from time to time. This work should be under the direction of your M. I. A. chorister. The contest piece for the Junior boys’ chorus is published in this number of the ERA.

Suggestive Outlines for Y. M. M. I. A. Freshmen Class (12-14 Years) for December

FIRST WEEK. Five Minutes—Setting up Exercises. See pages 219-220, *Boy Scouts Hand Book*, Exercises 1, 2, 3, 4. These should be memorized.

Five minutes—Scout cheer (Yell) See page 101-102, *Hand Book for Scout Masters*, and this number of the ERA. Discuss the yell. It creates the “get together spirit,” and is a “safety valve.” Where the associations meet on Sunday night, this work should be done silently or eliminated, and the singing of old familiar melodies be substituted.

Fifteen minutes—“Telegrams Without Wires”—See *Stories of Inventors*, chap. 1. This book is one of the Y. M. M. I. A. reading course. See page 210-215, *Boy Scouts Hand Book*. The leader should read up on this subject and give the boys his findings. Do not read from books in the class, but show pictures and talk about them. Construct an imaginary wireless station in the room.

Twenty minutes—Scout Work. See Lesson 1, last pages of Junior Manual.

SECOND WEEK. Five minutes—Setting up Exercises. See page 219, 220, 221 *Boy Scouts Hand Book*. Review last lesson and add exercises 5 and 6.

Five minutes—Scout Cheer (Yell). Review last lesson. “Churn” the yell. Have the boys bring an original yell for next week, one that will fit their ward organizations.

Fifteen minutes—“The Air Ship.” See *Stories of Inventors*, chap. II. See suggestions on first lesson.

Twenty minutes—“Scout Work.” See lesson 2, Junior Manual.

THIRD WEEK. Five minutes—Setting up Exercises. Review and add exercises 7, 8, 9. These exercises should be memorized by the leader.

Five minutes—Scout cheer (Yell). Review, and try one or two new ones.

Fifteen minutes—“How a Fast Train is Run.” See *Stories of Inventors*, chap. III. Show pictures to class.

Twenty minutes—Scout Work. See lesson 3, Junior Manual.

FOURTH WEEK. Five minutes—Setting up Exercises. Review, and add 10, 11, 12.

Five minutes—Scout Cheer (Yell). Review.

Fifteen minutes—“How Automobiles Work.” See *Stories of Inventors*, chap. IV.

Twenty minutes—Scout work. See Lesson 4, Junior Manual.

Since the decision of the General Board that the 12-14 year old boys should be enrolled in the Y. M. M. I. A., time has not permitted the Committee on Class Study to work out any definite lesson work, but in order that the regular Junior Manual work, shall not be used by the freshman class (12-14) which would interfere with our three-year Junior course, Field Secretary Oscar A. Kirkham has prepared the above lessons which we trust will be of assistance, until further outlines of work for these boys are suggested.

Passing Events

A tablet marking the "Mormon" trail across Iowa, was dedicated at Keokuk, on October 22, in connection with the unveiling ceremony of a bronze statue of Indian Chief Keokuk. The telegrams state that the unveiling ceremony was held in connection with the Iowa Daughters of the American Revolution conference.

William Nelson, for many years connected with the Salt Lake *Tribune*, died Sunday morning, October 26, 1913. He was a noted character in Utah for many years. As a soldier, editor, and citizen, while intensely partisan, he was forceful and determined, and in many respects a remarkable character. Intense in his likes and dislikes, he was a thorough partisan.

William C. Whaley, of Townsend, Montana, has been appointed and confirmed United States Internal Revenue Collector, vice E. H. Callister, for the district of Utah, Idaho, and Montana. He was confirmed by the Senate October 18. It is not yet definitely decided whether or not the headquarters of the district will be removed from Salt Lake City to Montana.

Charles Tellier died recently in poverty in Paris, France, at a ripe old age. His experiments of half a life-time made refrigeration systems possible. One of the corporations he had helped to enrich offered him in his last hours a gift of \$20,000, but as he had lived half-starved during his life-time, unrecognized, he scornfully rejected it. He accepted a ribbon from the Legion of Honor, but said he spurned alms.

At Leipzig, Germany, in October, the hundredth anniversary of "the battle of the nations" was celebrated by the unveiling of the world's largest monument. It was at this place that Napoleon's army received from the allies a blow which gave promise of what was to follow a little later at Waterloo. The monument is nearly 300 feet high, and is 200 feet wide at the base. It is built of reddish porphyry and cement, and cost \$1,500,000. In the battle of Leipzig, Oct. 16-19, 1813, more than 80,000 lives were lost.

Another stake, the 66th, has been added to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The Boise stake was organized at Boise, Idaho, Sunday, November 2, 1913. Heber Q. Hale, for the past eight years presiding elder in Boise, was made president, with William Rawson, of Carey, and C. O. Winkler, of Boise, counselors, and W. M. McKendrick, stake clerk. President Francis M. Lyman, of the Quorum of the Twelve, presided and gave the principal addresses. Others present were Elders Rudger Clawson, President W. T. Jack, of Cassia Stake, Idaho; President W. S. Bramwell, of the Union Stake, Oregon, and President M. J. Ballard, of the Northwestern States Mission. The new stake extends from Minidoka, Idaho, to Oregon, 350 miles, and includes twelve counties. There is a population of 3,000 Latter-day Saints living in the territory.

The Soldier Summit detour, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, was completed in early November, so that trains could pass over it. The first train consisted of forty-five cars and required two hours to make the seventeen miles. While the line is not yet officially opened, trains have since continued to pass over the new route going east. The detour around Soldiers' Summit decreases the grade from four to two per cent. The seventeen miles of new

road has taken eleven months to complete, at a cost of over \$2,000,000. Two thousand men have been employed upon the line during the past summer, besides many steam shovels and other mechanical appliances for grading and track laying. The detour begins at Tucker and ends at the top of the summit, being four miles longer than the old route. It has been necessary in the past to have from four to five engines pull a train of nine pullmans over Soldier Summit, but two engines can now handle the same train with greater speed.

The San Fernando reservoir was opened, near Los Angeles, California, on November 5, at the head of a valley twenty three miles north of Los Angeles. The mountain flood gates were opened which lead into the monster San Fernando reservoir; and the snow waters, gathered from the slopes of the Sierras on the eastern rim of the state, were brought over desert and through mountains in the Los Angeles aqueduct, 260 miles in length, to the reservoir. There was a two days celebration at the reservoir, and at the park where a \$500,000 fountain was dedicated to commemorate what the people of the state love to refer to as one of the world's greatest engineering achievements. It was begun eight years ago, when Los Angeles had a 200,000 population, suffering a water famine. The aqueduct and belongings have cost over \$26,000,000, and has brought to the city a water supply capable of furnishing approximately 260,000,000 gallons of water every twenty four hours. A further bond issue, involving an expenditure of approximately \$6,500,000, is contemplated to enable the city to develop 370,000 horse power of electric energy to supply Los Angeles with light and power.

The Mexican situation continues to cause grave apprehensions at Washington. The election in Mexico on October 26 was a mere mockery. Less than ten thousand votes were cast; whereas, a full and free election such as we are accustomed to in this country should have brought out at least two million voters. The members of congress were arrested and put in jail some time before, and Huerta had declared himself military dictator of the country. Two-thirds of the Mexican territory refused to vote—a territory lying in the north which does not acknowledge Huerta as ruler. The United States warned Huerta to eliminate himself from politics, and to prevent the newly elected congress from convening. The lower house of congress met on November 15, however, and later organized. Huerta seems to defy the United States, and it would seem now that this country is likely to blockade the Mexican ports. On Saturday morning, November 14, before five o'clock Ciudad Juarez, across the Rio Grande from El Paso, was taken by the Constitutionalists under General Pancho Villa, in the name of the followers of Venustiano Carranza. There were horrifying tales of executions in all quarters. Captain Jose Torres was the first to be shot. He was placed against a wall and twenty-five soldiers ordered to riddle him with bullets. England, France, and Germany have agreed to be neutral, and permit the policy of the United States to continue unhampered in the Mexican trouble.

The Roseland District Missionary Home was dedicated by President Joseph F. Smith, in Chicago, Saturday, November 1. This building is located on the south side, at 10723, Perry Avenue, where there is a flourishing branch. On Sunday afternoon, November 2, the Logan Square Church and Mission Home, corner Wrightwood and Sawyer avenues, were dedicated, President Smith officiating, and offering the dedicatory prayer. There were 675 persons at the ser-



L. D. S. NEW CHURCH BUILDING, AND MISSION HOUSE, CHICAGO
Cost about \$25,000. Dedicated by President Joseph F. Smith, November 2, 1913.

vices. Bishop Charles W. Nibley spoke on what the Church had accomplished in a temporal and social way; and President Joseph F. Smith, on the doctrines of the Church. The new chapel is a very cozy and pretty place, situated in a distinctly favorable location. At the afternoon service, many were turned away on account of insufficient room, many strangers and a number of newspaper reporters were present. A Law student at the Chicago University writes of President Smith's address: "It was by far the strongest talk I have ever heard President Smith give; and perhaps the most sincere, and for that reason the most striking talk I have heard any one give. No matter what one might think of the doctrines of our Church, or of President Smith, I think anyone who heard him this afternoon could not doubt his sincerity of purpose, or his conviction that he was speaking and living the truth."

Scout Cheers or Yells

While we are always working to maintain proper discipline at our meetings, we must not forget that the boys are bottling up energy that requires an occasional vent, or safety valve. The cheers or yells supply such a vent, and give rise to an increasing interest in the work. These cheers or yells are of great value in bringing the boys together, making each one feel more closely related to the others. They are also of special value at scout gatherings, and while on "hikes." The following are suggested by Field Secretary Oscar A. Kirkham, and may be used separately or together:

Zing a Zing! Boom! Boom!
Zing a Zing! Boom! Boom!
M. I. A. Scouts, Boom!

A-M-E-R-I-C-A
Boy Scouts! Boy Scouts! U. S. A.

Let us all be loyal to our Western Industries
Keep the money here that's made here

**The Great Need
of our Great West
is FACTORIES,
PAY ROLL BUILDERS.**

Factories create employment,
employment means popula-
tion, population means a
demand for FARM PRO-
DUCTS AND LABOR.
THEN!! Get the "Never-
Rip" habit and insist on buying

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Made in the West by West-
ern maids. You can't buy
Overalls that are better made.
If you doubt this statement
ASK THE MAN WHO
WEARS THEM. Every
pair made to wear. A guar-
antee goes with every pair.
Buy Them Try Them

IS WEARING SCOWCROFTS
"NEVER-RIP"

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& SONS CO., Makers**

HOME MADE GOODS

Hon. Heber J. Grant spoke recently, advising the use of home made goods. He said, among other things:

I wear goods that are made in our own knitting factories; I stand up in Z. C. M. I. shoes; they are good enough for me. And speaking of home made shoes reminds me of a little story:

A number of years ago, in the Assembly Hall, Bishop George L. Farrell announced that one reason why he bought home made goods was because he loved Bishop Farrell. He said, "If I buy home made goods, my money stays at home, it circulates around, and I get a chance to secure a little of it occasionally."

You know they say, "opportunity has a large lock of hair on its forehead and is bald behind," and that if you don't grasp the lock as it comes by, the hand will slip off, and opportunity is lost. Brother Farrell believed in grasping opportunity: He said:

"I have been coming down here to conferences, from Cache Valley, once or twice a year for something over twenty years, and every time I have gone to the depot and could possibly get a gold piece, I put a mark on it. Knowing that the railroad was owned by eastern capitalists, I wanted to see if I would ever get any of that money back, but I never did. When I bought home-made goods I would put a mark on the money spent, and time and time again I got my home made marked money back again. To give you a practical illustration, on this identical trip, at the depot, at Smithfield, I saw a man who had made some shoes for my children, and I handed him five dollars in payment. He saw another man at the depot to whom he owed five dollars, and he gave him the five; and that man saw another and gave him the five; and that man in turn saw another and gave him the five, and when the fourth man got it, he came up to me and said: 'Bishop Farrell, I owe you six dollars; here is five on account, and I put the amount for my home made shoes back in my pocket.'"

I am not vouching for the exact language, but I am vouching for the facts, because I heard the talk. So, five dollars worth of home made shoes paid twenty-five dollars worth of debts, as quick as I have been able to tell it to you, or as it took Brother Farrell to tell it.

There are more institutions in Utah making home made goods than most of us are aware. Utah has 815 factories, which paid nearly twelve million dollars in wages, and twenty-two millions for raw materials, during 1912. Who are the manufacturers, and where are the manufacturing plants? What is manufactured? Our readers are invited to notice and patronize the firms named here. We invite all other manufacturers to make themselves known. Remember,

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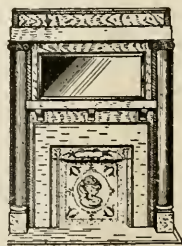
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The Junior M. I. A. Class teachers have a story in the November ERA that will bring the boys to attention. It is entitled "Courage," by Apostle A. W. Ivins. Why not have it read to the classes by a good reader?

Improvement Era, December, 1913

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Relief Party Entering Emigration Canyon.....	Frontispiece
Sketch by	Lee Greene Richards
In Lighter Mood	95
Agricultural Conditions in Book of Mormon Times	Frank S. Harris, Ph. D..... 97-
My Testimony of Joseph Smith the Prophet.....	Eunice Wilkinson 100
An Irrigation Parable.....	Susa Young Gates 100
Why Art Thou Sad? A Poem.....	Alfred Lambourne 101
Jim Bridger, "Our First Citizen".....	Preston Nibley 102
"Too Much to Do"	William Halls 107
Belated Emigrants of 1856—II. Illustrated.....	Solomon F. Kimball..... 108
Peculiar Japanese Religion	H. G. Ivins 118
Stake Superintendents Y. M. M. I. A.—.....	121
Birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith, With Illustrations	George Ed. Anderson... .. 122
Forgiveness. A Poem	John Greenleaf Whittier... 127
Voice of the Intangible—XIX-XX.....	Albert R. Lyman 128
Zion Cannot Be Defiled	Dr. George H. Brimhall... 137
To Him Who Strives. A Story.....	Josephine Spencer 141
God's Serving Angels. A Poem.....	Edwin Arnold 156
The Morning Breaks. Hymn Set to Music.....	Parley P. Pratt Evan Stephens 157
A Christmas Thought.....	Lydia D. Alder..... 159
Discoveries on the Colorado—II. Illustrated.....	Joseph F. Anderson..... 160
Editor's Table—Greeting from the First Presidency	Joseph F. Smith, Anthon H. Lund, C. W. Penrose 168
A Greeting to the Missionaries.....	Dr. James E. Talmage..... 172
Why Pay Tithing?	174
Messages from the Missions.....	178
Priesthood Quorums' Tables—Important Rulings	180
Mutual Work—Changes in Y. M. M. I. A. Membership Age—M. I. A. Cont sts—Mixed Double Quartets for M. I. A. Contests—Suggestive Outlines for M. I. A. Freshmen Class	181
Scout Yells.....	183 and 186
Passing Events	184

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